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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Notes of the Week	99	"Billy's Fortune" at the	
"They Seek a City"	99	Criterion	113
Make Punishment Fit the		"Get-Rich-Quick Walling-	
Crime	100	ford" at the Queen's	
The Birth of Language—II	101	Theatre	113
President Poincaré	102	The Adjudication on Welsh	
Reviews:		Plays	114
A Serene and Lofty Spirit	103	Germany's Most Popular	
The Music of English Prose	105	Politician—II	114
An American Publisher ...	106	Herbert Kaufman, Poet and	
The Perennial Essayist.....	107	Inspirer	116
Venezuela	108	Cavalry in Modern Warfare	117
An Artist on Tour.....	109	At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	119
Brain and Religion	110	Notes and News	121
Shorter Reviews	110	Imperial and Foreign Affairs	122
Fiction:	111	Motoring	123
The Theatre:		In the Temple of Manimon	123
"Turandot" at the St.		Correspondence	125
James's Theatre ...	112	Books Received	127

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Notes of the Week

IT is pleasant to note that the movement for the establishment of a training-brig, recently brought to a successful conclusion in the Kingston district of Surrey, is being followed up in other parts of the county. At the instance of General Sir Edward Chapman, K.C.B., a meeting was held at his house at Lingfield on January 14th, when a representative gathering met to consider means to encourage the boys of the district to enter a training-school for service in the Navy or in the Mercantile Marine. Mr. E. de Clermont, representing that district in the Surrey County Council, spoke as to the advantages of the scheme; he was supported by the Secretary of the Navy League. It was resolved to form a Committee for the purpose of promoting this object, and subscriptions were invited to

supplement the intended grants of £10 from the Admiralty, and the County Council grant for the same amount; it was also decided to take steps for the distribution of suitable literature, and to arrange for motion-picture displays dealing with sea life. Lady Chapman, as representing the educational section, promised to emphasise the claims of the meeting in the proper quarter.

We are quite aware that it must be no easy task to keep a "Problem Page" bright and interesting week after week, month after month, year after year, especially when its themes are confined to the literary side of things, and the erudite, eclectic, and erratic President of the *Westminster Gazette's* deservedly famous "Problems" is to be congratulated, as a rule, on the interesting and occasionally irritating way in which the work is performed. To offer two guineas for the best essay on "Bricks," however, and one guinea for the best "Sonnet to a Matchbox," seems rather a descent from the Olympian heights of aforetime, when the familiar green sheet glowed with fresh "Just-So Stories," with excellent parodies, and with *ballades* and *rondeaux* on various charming themes—to say nothing of occasional awe-struck excursions into sestinas and chants-royal. *Facilis descensus*. . . . Let us perpend, lest we see next week a prize offered for the finest Wordsworthian Ode to a Lamp-post, or the least distressing Pantoum of the Pillar-box.

A clever writer has been affirming in the columns of a contemporary that the "nerve-strain" of modern life is "a stupid illusion," giving as proof of his statement assertions to the effect that the nerve-strain of mankind in the ancient days was much more severe—that he went about haunted with the fear of having his head broken or his wife stolen, or his hut burnt down by an enemy, while "our worst uncertainty is our hold on the rung of the social or financial ladder." This argument is all very well for a journalist's essay, but it will hardly bear critical examination. It is more than likely that in less complex times man had no "nerves," in the present perverted sense of the word, where "nervous" is too often taken to mean "scared." He had few mental worries; problems of philosophy and religion, of whence he came and whither he was bound, did not sadden or madden him with their mysteries; he was wind-browned and sunburnt instead of bearing the "pale cast of thought"; his dangers were physical, to be met by brute force and the courage that—even now—most of us can find where our life or love is imperilled. Nothing swifter than a primitive handcart threatened him when he went forth—no speedy roaring mastodons, splashing mud and grease, made him hop out of the way by a couple of inches' clearance, with heart thumping and a fresh grey hair. Nor had he a telephone, and in a thousand other matters his nervous system was kept intact and healthy. He was happy. We may be happier—but we suffer for it.

"They Seek a City"

THE sunlight through my window falls
That somewhere bathes with generous fire
The virginal, white city walls
Of my desire.

There all my loves are, all my dreams,
And all the dawns I wish to see;
The quiet that my soul beseeems—
The liberty.

Worth of my ardent worship; truth
Followed through lone and patient days,
And hardly lost; the promise youth,
The wanton, slays.

The beauty I behold afar,
Too rare, too breathless to be told;
The joy whose glancing pinions are
Too swift to hold.

And many a thwarted hour's design,
And many a laboured hour's desert—
Myself, that lack of being mine
Doth controvert.

Ah! me, ah! sun of that clear sky,
Light of that untrod hemisphere
Where all my life and fortune lie—
And I bide here!

PHIL. J. FISHER.

Make Punishment Fit the Crime

THE love, affection, and respect which women have ever attracted to themselves by virtue of the qualities which they possess, and with which men are not endowed, have added sweetness and delight to existence. Remembering this, it is indeed a painful task to view the situation which exists in some quarters to-day.

There is a threat—and accurate information leaves no doubt that the threat is no idle one—that all the best attributes of femininity will be sacrificed in order to accelerate a political change, of which patience and moderation would in logic secure ultimate recognition. I say advisedly "in logic," because I am convinced that the change demanded will not be in the interest of women. Anything which tends to disparage her sense of her high mission, involving the necessity of healthy living and healthy thinking, is a disastrous evil. There can hardly be a worse enemy to woman's welfare than over-excitement and overstrain. Nervous breakdown, tormenting illness, and shortened lives are directly referable to such causes.

It is perfectly true and wholly lamentable that the lives of many women now are subject to such evils; but it is hard necessity and not voluntary choice which must be blamed.

I should like to appeal to women to be true to their

own nature, and to loathe any courses which are alien and which should be repugnant to it.

Making all allowances for wild talk and disturbance of mental balance arising, as I think, from some of the causes to which I have alluded, there is yet at the present time a wide-spread apprehension that wholly immoral and criminal practices may be resorted to by a comparatively small number of those who favour immediate political change. I think their urgent demand is doomed to disappointment for reasons which will be discussed elsewhere. The machinery of the Franchise Bill will be found to be very costly and unworkable in practice, and, therefore, we confidently predict—entirely irrespective of the question of female suffrage—it will be felt to be impossible to proceed with the Bill at present.

Militancy may, of course, suggest that this is a deep-laid scheme for defeating their hopes on a side issue. It is nothing of the kind. The simple truth is that the measure, as drafted, is impracticable.

On the defeat of the measure the promised orgy of crime—which, according to a leading suffragette, may lead to the penalty of death—may occur. All suffragettes, leading and otherwise, know that so long as they shelter themselves behind a political screen, no such penalty will be enacted. But how has sporadic crime been effectually crushed before? The answer is contained in the legislation of last season, when the traffickers, or rather the male traffickers, in a vile trade were made liable to corporal punishment. In the opinion, therefore, of the present legislature there is one effectual punishment for heinous crime.

There are two, and only two, cardinal defences of punishment. It is either inflicted for the protection of society by removing temporarily or permanently an offender, or it is inflicted in such a form as to be a deterrent to potential offenders; or in the alternative the punishment is designed to effect the moral regeneration of the criminal. It is clear that the second object of punishment is excluded—so far as mere declarations can exclude it—from consideration at the present juncture, and, therefore, we are thrown back on the view in the Old Testament—"And those which remain shall hear and fear, and shall henceforth commit no more any such evil."

Criminal procedure in this country is eminently humane, and, although exemplary powers may be vested in the Judiciary of the Supreme Court, they are but rarely used, and are subject at all times to medical opinion and often to administrative confirmation. It is obvious, therefore, that powers held in reserve may perform a very useful purpose, although they may be seldom made use of.

If there now exists—as I believe there does exist—an hysterical camorra which contemplates the commission of nameless outrages, I claim that the only effectual punishment shall be available, and that in case of crimes of a character repugnant to every human instinct, the punishment of the birch-rod shall be resorted to as an entirely defensible corrective.

CECIL COWPER.

The Birth of Language.—II

LET us follow the growth of a speech germ, of which it may be said that as a seed it is "the least of all seeds; but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

There is in Greek a word, "sizein," meaning "to sizzle." It is used by Homer to express the noise made by the Cyclops' eye, when the red-hot stake was thrust into it. It is also used for the sound made by boiling water. The most confirmed agnostic would not deny that the origin of this word is patent and indisputable. There is another word, "zein," meaning "to boil," which may be regarded as a simpler and unfrequentative form of the first word; it may be compared to an English word of similar meaning, "to seethe." Now, the most noticeable symptom of boiling is the disturbance of the surface of the water by the rising of bubbles, and, as this symptom also belongs to the process of fermentation, we find the same root employed to express this idea also. In this meaning the word appears in the English word "zymotic." Again, the most noticeable characteristic of fermentation is the appearance of spontaneous motion and activity in something formerly inert and lifeless; hence we find the same word applied to all manifestations of the quickening spirit; in short, to the notion of "life" in general, in which form it appears in the word "zoology." Now, it has been observed by travellers that negroes, who have no word for "to be" in their own language, often employ the word "to live" in its place. "Your hat no *lib* where you put him, sah," says the negro servant for "Your hat is not where you put it." We must not suppose that this deficiency is peculiar to the negro tongue, for it is a law of thought, and therefore of language, that the narrower concept precedes the wider one. To be defective, then, on such a wide concept as that of "being," simply marks a language in a certain state of development. At such a stage the Aryan tongue must at some time have been, and when the need of such a concept first came to be felt, what was more natural than that the word for "to live" should be employed for this purpose, just as we know the negro to employ it? Such, then, it may be conjectured, is the origin of the "s" in the English "is," the Latin "esse," the German "sein," and many other cognate tongues.

Every one of these links of thought may be confirmed by analogies from other sources. The connection between boiling and motion is found in the use of the Latin "fervere," "to boil." "Litora fervere prospiceret," says Virgil; "You might see the shores moving with men." The connection between motion and life is found in the English word "quick." The connection between "life" and "being" is found in the Latin "fui," the past tense of "to be," derived from the Greek root "phu," meaning "to grow." In short, there is a clear logical as well as a clear philological connection between each term of the series. The wave of thought started by the sound of the boiling

kettle has expanded in ever-widening circles till now it comprises the totality of existence. We have found a ladder by which to escape from the poultry-yard in which Max Müller would have us permanently confined. And, after all, it is not so very surprising that man should have the power to construct such an implement; for what is the *kosmos* itself but a construction of man's thought? Is it more surprising that out of the confused and fragmentary elements of sense-perception he should evolve a series of signs by means of which he can imperfectly represent a part of it?

The evolutionist theory has at least one great merit: it does provide a complete explanation of something; whereas the agnostic theory, which can conceive nothing more fundamental than a Sanskrit root, explains nothing. There is an Indian legend which asserts that the earth rests upon the back of an elephant, and the elephant stands upon the back of a tortoise, but apparently any enquiry concerning the *locus standi* of the tortoise was regarded as a damnable heresy, and of this it tells us nothing. In the same way these philosophers take us from English to Latin, from Latin to Sanskrit, from Sanskrit to the five hundred roots of which Sanskrit is said to be composed, whilst these five hundred roots are left, like the fabulous tortoise, suspended in empty space.

Hence a modern text-book of comparative philology, instead of being one of the most interesting, is one of the dullest kind of treatises that one can open—nothing but an immense pile of uninteresting, unassimilable facts. After reading such a treatise, the night which formerly involved the mind respecting the origin of speech is filled with a thick fog. Explanation is reference of the unknown to the known. What sort of satisfaction does the average enquirer receive when he is referred from English to Greek, of which he knows little, and from Greek to Sanskrit, of which he knows nothing? In reply to his request for the explanation of a certain fact, he is offered ten more facts, all as unaccountable as that with which he started. A Sanskrit form may supply the essential link in some chain of association which connects an extant word with its root in the soil of human nature, and in that case it is a valuable discovery; but apart from this, the knowledge of Sanskrit throws no more light on the dark places of philology than existed before that language was discovered.

The reasons, however, which commend the evolutionist theory to the layman are the cause of its unpopularity with the expert philologist; for it tends to undermine the supremacy of the specialist in his own dominion. A happy flash of intuition, a chance coincidence of ideas, a local variety of speech overheard on a country walk, may reveal the true origin of some word to one wholly unlearned in Sanskrit. More light is often cast on this subject by observations made in the nursery than by researches among ancient manuscripts. Light, however, is not welcomed by men of science, unless transmitted through orthodox channels. To steal, Prometheus-like, the spark of knowledge and make it

the common property of mankind is a mortal offence to the Olympians of science.

The evolutionist theory is hampered by a further disadvantage. The symbols which present themselves to the mind of the primitive savage are naturally drawn from what we call the elementary facts of life—those which appertain rather to the root than the flower of existence. Sometimes, therefore, the exposition of verbal origins does not contribute to the dignity of the exponent. A conspicuous example of this is the Greek word "kakos," derived from an imitative root found in the Latin "cacao." One who has lived in New Zealand tells us that it is extremely indiscreet for a stranger to enquire in public the meaning of any Maori name, whether of places or persons, for it is more than probable that the person questioned will be greatly embarrassed, and will be forced to feign ignorance of the true answer.

There is a corrupt passage in one of Martial's epigrams which has recently been emended in a most convincing manner by Mr. A. E. Housman. The new reading is more diverting than edifying. This is not the first time that the true meaning has been discovered, but it is the first time that it has been made public. The great Bentley has left it on record that he knew the correct version of this passage, but that, as a clergyman of the Church of England and the Master of an Oxford College, he did not think fit to disclose his knowledge. In like manner there are riddles in the science of language of which the solution is not so hard to discover as to unfold in terms consistent with the dignity of a doctor of philology.

JOHN RIVERS.

President Poincaré

(By "LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE.")

IN accordance with general expectation, M. Raymond Poincaré has been elected to the Presidency of the French Republic, but, as I foreshadowed in an article printed in THE ACADEMY a fortnight ago, his victory in the contest for the supreme position in his country's bestowal has been by no means an easy one. Moreover, although his opponents have been defeated, many of them still remain in arms, and the task which will lie before him on the retirement of M. Fallières next month will be beset by several difficulties. It is not in the sphere of foreign politics that the new President will find his attitude criticised by his compatriots, for his views in that respect correspond with those of an overwhelming majority of the French nation. But trouble is virtually certain to arise over the same questions of home policy which brought about the opposition offered at the recent election. M. Poincaré, however, is distinguished by two leading qualities—prudence and firmness. The latter he displayed in a marked degree during the electoral contest, and the former has been conspicuous throughout his political career. Hitherto, indeed, his life has always

been governed by the fear of taking a false step, and though age and experience have gradually given him more and more confidence in himself, he is, I think, of all French statesmen the very last to do or even attempt anything rash.

I recollect that during the famous *Affaire* which brought about so much turmoil in France, M. Poincaré long stood apart from the contest, refusing to side with one or the other party until he had fully studied the case in all its aspects. My friend, Emile Zola, who even then regarded the new President as the coming man of his generation, and prophesied his advance to the highest rank, was more than once disturbed by doubts as to which side Poincaré would eventually take in the *Affaire*, well knowing that he already exercised so much influence among men of moderate views that it was certain he would carry many of them with him, in one or the other direction, according to the nature of his pronouncement. On the day when Raymond Poincaré ascended the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies to "relieve his conscience," as he put it, and declare himself in favour of the revision of the Dreyfus case, the cause of the unfortunate prisoner of Devil's Island took a great step forward. Let me add that when once M. Poincaré has deliberately taken up a position he seldom departs from it, and thus when the almost-forgotten *Affaire* was lately revived in connection with Colonel du Paty de Clam, M. Poincaré's opinion of that matter and the fate of the War Minister, M. Millerand, were never for an instant doubtful to those who are acquainted with the new President's character.

Raymond Poincaré is the first Lorrainer to become President of France. Long years ago another Lorrainer, Jules Ferry, was fully entitled to the position by reason of his high abilities, but Clemenceau, who was then more powerful than he is now, would have none of him, and brought about the election of Carnot. The record of the Poincaré family (emphatically one of "intellectuals") is very distinguished and honourable. Fifty years ago there were two brothers of the name, one of whom, Léon, had embraced the medical profession, and become a professor of the faculty of medicine at Nancy, whilst the other, Antoine, taking to civil engineering, became a Government inspector of roads and bridges. Léon Poincaré had a son, Jules Henry, a scientist of the most varied gifts, who rose to eminence in mathematics, physics, astronomy, and philosophy, became a member of the French Academy and the Academy of Sciences, was honoured by Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow, and many other Universities, and died in 1912 when only fifty-eight years old. On the other hand, M. Léon Poincaré's younger brother, Antoine, had two sons, Raymond, the new President, and Lucien, who is a General Inspector of Education, a Doctor of Sciences, and a writer of high merit on physics, electricity, and other scientific subjects.

M. Lucien Poincaré is two years younger than his brother Raymond. The latter was born at Bar-le-Duc on August 20, 1860. He was educated first at the Lycée of Bar, and later at that of Louis-le-Grand, in Paris, afterwards taking the degrees of Licentiate in Letters

and Doctor in Law. He did not at first, however, pay much attention to the legal profession, and it seemed almost as though he were content to serve as a journalist, for he became a frequent *chroniqueur* in the pages of *Le Voltaire*. However, he probably remembered the saying that journalism may lead a man to everything, provided that he renounces it—at the right moment. Before long, indeed, at the age of twenty-six he entered public life as a General Councillor for the department of the Meuse, one of the districts of which, that of Commercy, elected him in the following year (1887) as its deputy. He took a notable part in the Chamber as a speaker on finance, but when at the early age of thirty-three he first became a Minister of State, it was as chief of the Department of Education, Worship and Fine Arts. In that office he did right good work, being responsible for the reforms which exacted higher qualifications than previously for all degrees in medicine and law. A year later, however, he became Minister of Finances, to revert in 1895 to the Department of Education once more. Later, M. Loubet sent for Poincaré and offered him the post of Prime Minister. Few men would have refused it, but Poincaré knew that a drastic policy must necessarily follow the Dreyfus case, and felt that he was not the man to carry out certain measures which had become indispensable; so he refused office, and Waldeck-Rousseau was appointed in his stead. It was only in 1906 that he again took office, this time as Minister of Finance in M. Sarrien's short-lived administration. Finally, last year he became Prime Minister.

His entire record as a Deputy and a Minister has been admirable, and at the bar he has repeatedly distinguished himself in important civil cases. His text-book on the sale of moveable property and the jurisprudence appertaining to it is a model of lucidity, but he has written many other pages of a literary character, such as won for him a *fauteuil* among the immortals of the French Academy. Highly gifted, many-sided, extremely versatile, at home with all questions of law, literature, finance, foreign and home policy, M. Poincaré is emphatically an "intellectual," like all the other members of his distinguished family, and we may be sure that he will worthily adorn the high office to which he has now been elected. It is true that his physique is not imposing, for he is somewhat below the average height, and inclined to be thick-set, but he carries himself with easy dignity, and is never at a loss for the right word. In Madame Poincaré—formerly Mlle. Henriette Benucci—France will have the youngest, most charming and graceful Présidente that the Republic has known since the days of Mme. Casimir-Perier, who, unfortunately, had few opportunities to distinguish herself owing to the brevity of her husband's stay at the Elysée. But M. Poincaré is not likely to throw up his high office in a fit of pettishness as Casimir-Perier did. Those qualities of prudence and firmness to which I have previously alluded should enable him to overcome all the difficulties which, judging by present appearances, may well follow his accession to the Presidency.

REVIEWS

A Serene and Lofty Spirit

George Frederic Watts: *The Annals of an Artist's Life*. By M. S. WATTS. 3 Vols. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 31s. 6d. net.)

IT has been said, and is a matter of experience, that the worst blow that can befall the reputation of a great man is the making of his biography by his widow. Watts was by life and temperament and achievement a man least likely to suffer under such a condition; and he had, in addition, the exceptional good fortune to be mated to a woman of balanced mind and simple sincerity.

After all, the life of Watts lacked the clash and clangour of a great world-adventure—his wayfaring lay in the realm of the spirit and of the imagination. He shrank from honours and banquets and advertisement. His career, by consequence, was best uttered in the terms of the gentle lady who came into his lonely life to fulfil and to beautify it. She has given us a sweet and noble book. We rise from the reading of this serene life with a sense of having been in the presence of a great-soul'd man who rid himself of all dross; we realise what an ideal household this must have been that held two such pure spirits.

Watts, of a truth, is a somewhat baffling product of his times, unless we first realise the state of painting amidst which he was born. By the year 1800 the national genius in painting seemed to have shot its bolt—as also seemed the French—and its bolt, though skilfully made, was feathered with alien wings. Landscape was to bring forth the pure song. Crome (1768-1821), Turner (1775-1851), Constable (1776-1837), Cotman (1782-1842), in landscape; and Wilkie (1785-1841), in the painting of the home life, were at work in England. Etty (1787-1849) was doggedly pursuing the solitary way of his great genius; Turner had won to romance; to conquest over the sea, to triumph in the lyrical utterance of the pastoral; he was close on fifty when in 1822 he sent "What You Will" to the Academy, and thenceforth was to burst into song with colour-orchestration, in which he revealed the majestic range of painting to the age. The year that Turner sent "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus" to the Academy, Watts was a lad of twelve. Watts was a painter of power at seventeen, as shown by his marvellous self-portrait, whilst the Pre-Raphaelites were unborn or in the nursery—the young Pre-Raphaelites swore their solemn oath in 1848, when Watts was over thirty. With the Pre-Raphaelites came the great reaction to England that was already abroad in Europe. Led by the young Italian, Rossetti, they sought to escape from the classical academism through primitive-academism. This falsity led to the æsthetic mediæval-academism of the mid-century. But in the Pre-Raphaelite movement was a prodigious intention in spite of the falsity—they took their art out of the studio into the open air, and essayed to utter sunlight. Turner,

at least, had not lived wholly in vain. But the falsity of Rossetti had debauched the movement, and English painting was on a false intention. Instead of realising that painting alone had its realm in the sense of vision, they were trying to bend it into the realm of literature, to express what paint cannot utter.

Now, grasping these basic facts, one at once realises the astounding individuality of Watts and his aloofness from the studios. But in spite of his majestic endeavour to utter the great moods of his age, in spite of his dogged intention to utter to his age what life had spoken into his senses, it was inevitable that he should not wholly escape the atmosphere of academism that was all about him—the more so as these primitive-academics posed as the enemy of the then academism. These pages reveal his antagonism to Ruskin, who was killing all that was vital in art out of a misdirected and fierce sincerity that was unfortunately never able to grasp the meaning and intention of art. But vaguely as Watts felt the falsity of painting in usurping the province of literature, he could not shake off the literary taint of trying to make painting express merely intellectual ideas that could not be explained by his painting alone; and whilst he had the fortune to live in the years when Turner was giving the supreme revelation of painting to his age, Watts's eyes were ever on the academism of essaying to speak with the voice of Titian. The result was that, whilst intensely English in his intention, he uttered his art with a Venetian accent. It was exactly in the measure of his freedom from all academism, as in the immortal equestrian statue of "Earl Lupus a-Hawking," that Watts reached to his supreme power. At the same time he inevitably accepted great traditions, swallowed the Beauty-fallacy, and was overwhelmed by the "moral intention." That he was not utterly wrecked by his acceptance proves that instinctively he was above his intellect. Instinctively he saw that art is not detail, nor coloured photography of nature, nor scientific truth, but impression. We have this set down in deliberate terms by Watts himself. He realised, when he followed his instincts, that art is not mimicry, not beauty, but the utterance of the thing felt. He claimed, and he was justified in claiming, that he should be allowed to utter the noblest impressions, since such most deeply moved him. But that is a very different affair. For the artist, once he realises that art is the utterance of the impressions made by life upon his senses, is entitled to choose what emotions most profoundly stir him. But when he came to paint "The Minotaur," he showed brutality brutal—not beautiful. "Things that are rather felt than seen," he severely tells Ruskin, are the province of his art. He hotly assails Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites for their false search after mere realism of details—"my instinct rebels against imitation." Note the words "instinct" and "imitation"! He tells Ruskin frankly that Ruskin's view of Truth is "near-sighted," that he "confounds it too much with detail and overlooks properties"; accuses him of putting exact imitation above selection and impression; blunders into the fallacy that "Beauty is truth," but

reminds Ruskin that it is not always "reality"; and warns him, lest his taste, becoming "microscopic, fails at length to take in the length and breadth."

Academism was the breath of Ruskin—the old masters his authority, their dead intention the significance of art. Watts detested all imitation, detested academism, set his eyes always on creation, on the utterance of great ideas through the personal vision of the artist. Thereby he came near to the whole revelation. "The contemplation of what has been done in art will go no further to create an artist than the reading of poetry will create the poet. The artist is born, not made. The latent genius may be aroused, no doubt, but, excepting that it is good to know how much can be achieved, the sight of accumulated greatness is more likely to destroy all but the most original power by making the student an imitator." And again: "No poet was ever formed in a school" and "It is not knowledge of the rules of poetry that will make . . . the Homer."

On the other hand, the moment he leaves the realm of art, in which he despises Ruskin, and moves into the realm of thought—of the pure intellect—we find him a lesser man. He thinks Ruskin "the greatest thinker of the age"! Ruskin roused Watts's protest by affirming that genius "painted what it saw, and denying that there were any truths more essentially true than surface facts"; Watts's instinct as artist told him that Ruskin was talking like a schoolmaster. On the other hand, Watts's endeavour to grasp big thought as well as big impressions led him to bemuddle the painter's adventure with the adventure of literature. How little he grasped the meaning of poetry may be shown in his acceptance of the academic idea that the pastoral age of man was his "Golden Age, the age of poetry." How little he really grasped the province of poetry may be seen in the definition, "Of experience comes tradition, of tradition is born poetry, here performing its natural and legitimate function—instructing"! The end of it was that Watts, baffled by the false artistic intention of the mediævalism of the Pre-Raphaelites and of Ruskin and the Æsthetes, baulked by the prevalent obtrusion of theology into every activity of the age, and naturally unsatisfied by the falsity that art is merely decoration, which was the third chief falsity of the time, felt himself plunged back into his supreme interest, the evolution of man, and, being so interested, he essayed to utter it as being of the realm of the vision, thus trying to compel the art of the vision, Painting, to express the Reason, which is outside the art of the vision. And it is typical of the times that Watts took as a compliment the remark that the mantle of the great Italian masters had descended upon him. Watts did a mighty service to his age by painting the portraits of its distinguished men; but even here, superb as are many of them, there is a marked affectation of posing in the atmosphere of the Renaissance. His concept of the conventional aim of art, in fact, led him into these blunders, and we soon grasp the reason of many of his limitations when we read that art "gives pleasure," which, of course, it is in no wise obligatory that it should do. But his fine and searching phrase that in art

"everything is to be learnt, and very little to be taught," showed that he realised the futility of academic laws and of the experience of teachers: He went to the schools of the Royal Academy, and after a few weeks turned his back upon the whole sorry business. For this earnest soul there was no compromise or thought of compromise. Fortune smiled upon him, brought him hosts of powerful friends, and freed him early from cares of bread; but one feels that, had Watts been driven by Destiny to live in an attic on a beggar's earnings, he would have remained the same pure spirit, as unspotted by adversity as he was untainted by prosperity

HALDANE MACFALL.

The Music of English Prose

History of English Prose Rhythm. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. (Macmillan and Co. 14s. net.)

WE could tell of some readers, known to us, whose knowledge of the course and flow of English poetry is due, in no slight degree, to Professor Saintsbury's excellent three volumes on the "History of English Prosody." And we divine that those same readers, with as good justification, will have their knowledge of English Prose very much enriched from a reading of this excellent book. Such faults as Professor Saintsbury has may very readily be neglected, if they have not, indeed, almost worked themselves into virtues. In his Preface he quotes against himself Diderot's epigram on Beccaria's "ouvrage sur le style où il n'y a point de style"; and his style has often enough been a considerable source of irritation. But Bossuet's "le style, c'est l'homme," is true also; and one begins to find Professor Saintsbury's after thoughts, qualifications, asides, even his prejudices, entertaining on what might otherwise be a dry journey.

His prejudices are many. In this journal one is not accustomed to hold a man in disfavour because his politics are Radical; but even the most devout politician must consider intransigentism a little out of place in the text of, and the footnotes to, an essay in letters. However, it is more to the point to say that his literary prejudices are not less emphatic. In the "English Prosody" George Meredith was lightly dismissed because it was too much to expect that a prolific novelist should be a good poet also, a judgment that Professor Saintsbury will have to pay round coin for in time to come; but when we find him also dismissed in this book because he could not, says our professor, write rhythmic prose, it certainly is rather hard on Meredith. For these books are so good, so genuinely entertaining and instructive, that any writer suffers from not making an adequate appearance in them. We commend to Professor Saintsbury's attention, however, the following facts. Meredith's comments, in and out of his books, prove him to have a very just and not less alert ear for rhythm of prose-structure. His letter to André Rafflovich, furthermore, finds him insisting, as Professor Saintsbury also does in this book, on the symphonic music in Carlyle's

prose, and on the necessity of such symphonic music. Is it not likely, we ask, therefore, that Meredith also strove in this direction, and that Professor Saintsbury has not yet heard it because he was Meredith's contemporary, and so could not come into the atmosphere created by the new rhythm—as has happened to him in the case of Carlyle? A reflection on these things might help to erase a blot on an admirable book in its subsequent editions.

But it is time we gave a more detailed attention to the course of the history. A start has to be made, naturally, at the origins of such prosodic criticism—if criticism it can be called that is rather an æsthetic dogmatism—and writers from Aristotle to Longinus, from the eclectic to the sympathetic, are taken in review for their judgments on the matter. Here at once we meet with the outstanding difficulty. For we can only guess at what such writers mean: we do not even know the meaning of the terms they use. When Aristotle, for example, says, according to the familiar standard of Greek prosody, that dactylic-spondaic rhythm is too stately for prose, it is plain that we are confronted with a problem; and the profoundest assumption of knowledge, such as one often finds in professorial writings—though not in Professor Saintsbury's pages—does not remove that fact. It is impossible to conceive of two languages, each spoken on the same tongue of man differing so widely that a given rhythm in one should be stately and in the other a flutter and trip. To us it has long seemed clear that there was, in antique tongues, a deliberately cultivated convention of quantities, which later peoples have not thought worth while continuing. There are certain musical quantities, then, that are now eliminated from speech. If this be so, then to use a common terminology for both conventions—since language is, after all, only a convention—is to ask for misconception unless it be clearly understood that its application in the one has no reference to its application in the other. For instance, in one of Professor Saintsbury's own interesting and incidental experiments in the text of his book, just after he had been speaking of the molossus, we have the following phrase: "Treacherous and quick-sand-like matter." There we have a first pæan—or, with slur, a dactyl—a molossus and a trochee. But it is surely clear that the Greek would not destroy the musical quality of a language by giving those heavy hammer strokes to the molossus and the following trochee. And, though he does not let definitions master him, the neglect of this difference—if difference it be—in what constitutes the meaning of rhythm leads to the puzzling deficiency in his book.

The periods of English prose rhythm are three, neglecting Early English, which was never truly caught into the general current of the language. The first culminated in the "ornateness" of the later Elizabethans and Jacobeans; the second is generally, and not altogether accurately, spoken of as the Augustan age; and the third, beginning with the revolt of the "Romanticists," continues to our own day. The first cultivated variety and richness, practising with evident delight on all the

organ-notes in the language; the second cut this all out for the attainment of a logical simplicity and perspicuity; the third reaches forward for a recovery of the first, but, in the influence of its immediate past, is generally careful to base it on the attainments of the second. It is this that is meant when Dryden is spoken of, in a very confusing phrase, as the creator of modern prose. He is not, of course. The best of modern prose springs, if not from the organ-note, certainly from the polyphony of the men from whom Dryden broke away. It is true that in ordinary conversation, and in the more literary conversation that is known as journalism, we speak as Dryden spoke, though not so well; but Dryden did not create it for us; he derived it from the daily use of language.

If the first two periods be contrasted—we suggest to Professor Saintsbury—the difference in them will largely be found to be that the first felt for a quantitative, or musical, base for their cadences, whereas the latter relied on logic, and therefore on stress. In other words, the Greek use of their terminology and the customary English interpretation of it give respectively a clue to the periods in question. Now, this is interesting; but the light it throws on the period that follows is even more so. The chief deficiency that characterises this history is the scant attention given to the writing of fiction. Novelists are slurred over; and even when they are treated with a degree of fullness, their problems and difficulties are not taken into consideration. Yet the latest age has been an age chiefly engaged in the writing of fiction. Professor Saintsbury gives not less than justice to De Quincey and Landor—Wilson we question—for bringing back to English prose the polyphony of such writers as Browne and Jeremy Taylor. They did so, it is indisputable; but they could do so, for they were writing the same kind of book, they were dealing rather with suggestion than with statement. But the novelists had whole stretches of dialogue embedded in their work; and, since the "Augustans" had destroyed the old, and quite convincing, convention of dialogue, they had to be written in stresses of daily speech. Which, naturally, had its effect on the surrounding description or narrative, and, through this, on other works, by other writers, where dialogue was not used. And so one gets the curious mixture of the two styles that runs all through the nineteenth century. The writings of such men as Carlyle and Ruskin, in their wholly different ways, show the effect of this. In their desire to break away from daily speech they broke with violence, indeed; but they broke in music. And, among writers just beyond Professor Saintsbury's survey we see Mr. Hardy inventing a new convention of dialogue—not always a good one, be it said—so as to hold himself free for the invasion of the language of stress while he was making a musical speech to express the great protagonist of Fate.

All this, we suggest, lies in a strict definition of terms, that Professor Saintsbury avoids. His book is full of quotations, carefully scanned, of writers from the very earliest days to the present time, which he uses as the

text of his comments. These, in themselves, so excellently chosen are they, make a valuable treasury; but with Professor Saintsbury at one's side, with his whimsies and enthusiasms, the journey is an enviable one. We wish he had gone more deeply into the meaning of rhythm. Yet we must not grumble; this book will be often in our hands, as it is bound to be with all those who buy it. Emphatically it is a book to be bought; for one reading cannot exhaust it. It is probably the most valuable commentary of English prose literature that has ever been published.

An American Publisher

George Palmer Putnam: A Memoir. By GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM, Litt.D. With Portrait. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM, the distinguished American publisher, will be remembered not only as the founder of "G. P. Putnam's Sons," but also because he did much to further the establishment of international copyright between the United States and Europe. It was characteristic of the man that he should have laboured so whole-heartedly for such a good cause, for if there is one point that stands out more clearly than any other in this volume, it is Putnam's rigid regard for all that was sweet and clean and honourable in his business dealings at a time when literary piracy was rampant in the States.

Dr. G. H. Putnam has written a most sympathetic and interesting account of his father and of the publishing firm connected with his name. If the purely biographical material is slight, it must be borne in mind that the memoir, when originally issued in 1903, was printed for private circulation. "The present volume," writes the author, "presents those portions of the earlier narrative having to do with matter that should, it is believed, possess interest for the general public." Though Dr. Putnam very modestly describes the sketch as "fragmentary and incomplete" he has succeeded in portraying the man and the publisher with singular vividness. "It seems to me," he writes, "trying to look at the record apart from filial prejudice, only just to claim that on the ground of high ideals, directness of purpose, unselfish public spirit, simplicity of motive, purity of nature, an exceptional power (always exercised with wisdom) of influencing others, the faculty of bringing all his talents and capacity to bear, persistency of effort, a hopeful confidence in the men about him, and an abiding faith in the wisdom and justice of the Creator, my father's life was exceptional, and was of distinctive value not only for those who belonged to him, but for the community at large."

Putnam began his business career in a carpet establishment at Boston, and remained there for about four years. In 1829 he went to New York, where we find him undertaking modest duties in Mr. Jonathan Leavitt's "emporium of literature and art." At this time

young Putnam was filled with a zest for reading and with a desire to improve his rather scanty education. His business hours were not those of a bank manager. He was often detained in the stores until nine or ten in the evening. After a long day's work he went to the Mercantile Library, where he pored over books until closing time. But his labour did not end with the closing of the library, for he took away with him certain books and read them in his room until one or two o'clock. By eight he was at the store again, doing the work of a clerk and messenger.

When Putnam arrived in New York he was fifteen years old, and at the ripe age of seventeen he began his "Chronological Introduction and Index to Universal history." Mr. Leavitt, in spite of his name, was willing to publish it—"if some learned man will examine it." The Rev. Professor McVicker was the first learned gentleman to turn over these portentous pages. The following brief dialogue was the result: "Where were you educated, sir?" "I have never had any education, sir." "Ah!" (expressively). The MS. was handed back to the budding genius "with the intimation that it was not deemed expedient to promote and encourage any such presumption as my request and my statement implied." Even very learned men who suggest that they know all when they say "Ah!" may not be always infallible, for the next *savant* gave the trembling youth a kindly welcome, and advised the publication of the MS. The edition was soon exhausted. It was re-issued under the title of "The World's Progress," and edition succeeded edition until, in 1870, "it had increased to a thick octavo of 1,200 pages."

"In 1833," writes Dr. Putnam, "my father entered the employ of Wiley and Long, publishers and booksellers. . . . In 1840 the firm of Wiley and Putnam was formed." During the following year Putnam went to England, "and opened, in Paternoster Row, the first agency for the sale of American books in great Britain." It was during this year, too, that he married a young girl of sixteen. In "Knickerbocker Cottage" he seems to have met some interesting people, including Washington Irving, Moxon, Mazzini, and a "sallow-cheeked young man who was known a few years afterwards as Napoleon the Third."

The beginning of Putnam's career as an independent publisher may be credited "to his good fortune and good judgment in coming into relations with Washington Irving." At first sight the reader may imagine that such a scheme was one of those literary undertakings which a publisher launches without the least misgiving. As a matter of fact, when Putnam reprinted the books of Washington Irving interest in that delightful author's work had lessened to such an extent that the Philadelphia publisher had allowed his books to go out of print. But Putnam, with fine insight, believed in the possible revival of interest, and he was right in his surmise. The work of Washington Irving formed the basis of Putnam's publishing, and, later on, when a serious reverse came, it was Irving who very generously came forward and saved the situation.

In 1848 Edgar Allen Poe came into the office a little the worst for drink. "Oh, Mr. Putnam," he said, "you do not yet realise how important is the work that I am here bringing to completion. I have solved the riddle of the universe." When Putnam went home Poe was still writing. His pen raced over the paper when, later on, the book-keeper departed. "The porter had patience for a little time longer, and then, more interested in the plans for his own supper than in the secrets of the universe, put the poet out, notwithstanding protests." The MS. was "Eureka." We are told that the first edition ran into 750 copies, "and a year later at least a third of these copies was still on hand." How solemnly Poe acknowledged the loaned fourteen dollars which he had received from Putnam! The poet found that the solving of the riddle of the universe was very far from being remunerative, and it is probable that he acted upon the oft-repeated word in "The Raven"—"Nevermore!"

The history of "Putnam's Monthly" makes interesting reading. Prior to its publication the publisher sent out a circular letter to various prominent literary people, explaining the aim of the journal and soliciting contributions. We quote part of a characteristic reply from the father of Mr. Henry James: "Your project seems to me to have a very unobstructed prospect of success before it, so far, at least, as any domestic rivalry is concerned. 'Harper's Magazine' is a mere stale and dishonest hash when it is not a stupid vehicle of Methodism." "Putnam's Monthly" was a magazine which the founder had every reason to be proud of; but unfortunately, when a serious reverse came, its publication was suspended for the time being, and when the second series was issued, it failed to meet with financial success.

Putnam died in his office from "a fainting fit caused by exhaustion of the blood vessels of the brain. It was certainly painless, and, coming, as it did, without the strain of illness, and in the midst of the books that he loved, it might be looked upon as a fitting close to a life which had certainly in itself been in more ways than one thoroughly happy." And so we close the life of a man who has left his mark in the publishing world; one who will be remembered by many as a man of singular sweetness, and who was the pioneer of international copyright.

The Perennial Essayist

Letters from Solitude. By FILSON YOUNG. (Chapman and Hall. 5s. net.)

THE modern miscellaneous essayist is, when one begins to think of it, something of a portent. He will produce for your delectation—if not exactly for your edification—so many thousand words on almost any conceivable topic. He can write with equal facility, and almost equal felicity, on the house-fly or on absent friends. Few subjects are outside the scope of his power, even though they may be out of the range of his exact knowledge. After all, exact knowledge is not a necessity for the practice of his art; for which, doubtless,

he devoutly thanks whatever gods there be. Let no one, however, suppose that he is not a true craftsman, or that, because of his facility, he is slipshod. Far from it; his essays, within their limits, are almost worthy of being called miniature works of art. At least, that is so when they are by Mr. Filson Young, for in him we have a remarkably fine specimen of this class. Such writers do not add much to the literature of power; but for dainty tickling of the delicate sensibilities of cultivated people they cannot easily be surpassed.

There is something pathetic, too, about this type of writer. If he cannot always command our respect he surely merits our sympathy. For, on the authority of Mr. Filson Young, he cannot take a holiday, or escape from his terrible preoccupation as an essayist. Hear him:—

Perhaps the supreme defect of the literary man's life is that he hardly ever has a real holiday. . . . His mind is a mill which is always working; life and experience of every kind are the material with which it works; and so long as he lives, the curious process of manufacturing literature out of life is going on.

Which lets a rather peculiar light into the workings of the mind of the poor modern miscellaneous essayist. Even Dante, with all his imagination, never dreamed of a torture like that.

The foregoing does really give us the essential *motif* underlying these "letters." They tell us how Mr. Filson Young found three different and distinct kinds of solitude—but could not lose his pen. If he had . . . ! Still, we are not altogether sorry that he did not, for his musings have filled several otherwise vacant hours very pleasantly. We can imagine that he has quite a considerable band of followers in the columns of the *Saturday Review*. He is a clever and careful workman, and he has mastered the difficult art of beginning. Thus:—

If you do not know Cornwall, undoubtedly the right way to go there is to go by day, to travel westward with the sun and watch all the changing pictures that the long journey affords.

Or, concerning a Paris Café, thus:—

It exists to gratify appetite rather than to satisfy hunger; it is one of the great granaries of wild oats that have been established in cosmopolitan Paris as a kind of international reserve of that commodity, in case the crop should ever fail.

The mind is hooked at once by such a bait, and falls a willing victim to the writer's arts.

Mr. Young writes of travelling *con amore*, about twenty-four out of these thirty-four essays being more or less connected with that theme. His first affection is for his Irish solitude; he is critically interested in that of France, and he develops at times something very like enthusiasm for the tropical loneliness of Trinidad. These being happily dismissed, he writes entertainingly

of "Quack Religions," "Concerning Servants," of "The Putting on of Apparel," and of "Sunday Afternoon." And if, in some of these, he lashes our social follies, it is so artistically done that we gladly suffer so deft a punishment. In "The Barrier Line" he achieves humour, while in the last three essays a deeper note is struck, which almost leads us to hope that Mr. Young will one day join the ranks of those who produce the literature of power. The concluding paragraph of his paper on "Going Away and Arriving" is a good example of this more solemn style:—

Going Away and Arriving—how closely the whole of existence fits itself between these two adventures! When you stand in the mid-sea of life, far away from its beginnings, and apparently far from its ending, you realise how many things you have gone away from, and how comparatively few you seem to have arrived at. Yet I like to think that they are but the two halves of one whole, and that if Going Away is the chief joy of youthful life, Arriving is the special pleasure and privilege of age; and that even though the horizons of youth are grown dim and misty in the distance, for people who have grown old wisely the land they are approaching grows more and more clearly defined, and from being a strange and unknown, becomes a familiar and welcoming country; on whose soft shore they look forward to lying down for a long rest, with the noise of the waters over which they have passed lulling them to a pleasant and dreamless sleep.

If gracefulness and charm, combined with a fine air of ease and spontaneity, were the constituents of a masterpiece, then Mr. Young would be among the masters.

Venezuela

A Lesser South American State: Venezuela. By LEONARD V. DALTON, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

SHOULD anyone doubt the pains which Mr. Dalton has devoted to this volume, it is merely necessary to take a glance at the bibliography at the end of the book, from which it becomes evident that he has consulted no less than four hundred and eleven authorities. The variety of these authorities is little less remarkable than their number, seeing that they are composed of English, French, Spanish, German, Dutch, and Italian writers. This in itself is surely sufficient to stamp the work as remarkable. It may be thought that a country so insignificant, if not in size, at all events in commercial and political importance, would scarcely stand the strain of so many authorities, but the reader of Mr. Dalton's work will find that Venezuela fully justifies all the trouble he has taken. In the mind of the average Englishman the Republic is notable for little beyond the deeds of the ex-Dictator Castro, one of the most exuberant rulers that the State has ever known, who, by the way, is still currently reported to be hovering over the islands in the neighbourhood of the

Venezuelan coast, with the idea of preparing a *coup d'état* which may once more place the country at his mercy. Mr. Dalton shows us Venezuela in the early days of her discovery, in the mediæval era of the Spanish colonial régime, in her stormy recent past, and in the circumstances in which she now finds herself. According to him, she is being wisely and moderately governed, and, although he is not sufficiently optimistic to predict any immediate rise to genuine prosperity, he sees no reason to suppose that this much desired state will not eventually be attained. The book covers a very wide scope, including a full description of the topography of the land, its geology, plants, animals, and modern industrial conditions. The historical chapters are invaluable, since in a small space is condensed not only every event which has stamped the life of Venezuela, but the various causes and effects which have influenced each age from that of the *conquistadores* and of the battles of the liberation to the less strenuous struggles of the present time. Of the aborigines a very extensive account is given. They undoubtedly have much in common with those Indians who still exist in a savage state in other parts of South America. This is not surprising, since the uniformity of the various Indian races throughout the entire continent is one of those features for which South America is most remarkable.

Dealing with the present commercial aspects of Venezuela, the author points out the increase which the trade with the United States has shown during the past two or three years. In that time the great northern Republic has advanced to take the lead over all other nations, a position previously held by Great Britain. There is little surprising in this when the number of American commercial travellers who are at the present moment overrunning the country is considered. It appears that here, as elsewhere in South America, the North American, apart from his personal attractiveness is not a *persona grata*—that is to say, so far as his nationality is concerned. The reason for this is, of course, an instinctive distrust of the man from the United States, owing to the fear of the eventual absorption by the greater Power, which has become prevalent not only in Central America, but in the quite northern and lesser States of South America. Mr. Dalton points out the benefit which the opening of the Panama Canal will render to Venezuela, and has an interesting chapter dealing with the future of the country. We cannot altogether agree with him when he urges that from a geographical point of view Britain should be more interested in Venezuela than in any other South American Republic. It is perfectly true, as he says, that Venezuela represents the nearest point on the South American Continent to our shores, but in these days of steam and rapid transit the mere geographical significance of the nearest point is surely altogether outweighed by considerations regarding the time employed in the transit, and so far any direct communication of a fast order between Venezuela and Europe has been notably lacking. When the trade which the author predicts shall actually have come into being, then there is no doubt

whatever that these transit facilities will grow automatically with the increase of commerce.

The book must undoubtedly be classed as a very valuable addition to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's South American series.

An Artist on Tour

Picturesque Nepal. By PERCY BROWN. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE independent Himalayan State of Nepal, in India, is little known to Englishmen. Perhaps few persons are aware that nearly a hundred years ago it waged war with the British, at first with some success. In the Mutiny, the Nepalese under Jung Bahadur, the Prime Minister, rendered valuable assistance in Oudh. Last cold weather the King-Emperor enjoyed first-rate tiger and rhinoceros shooting in the Nepal Tarai. But, except in these connections, this hermit nation has hardly ever come to public notice, though it is the recruiting ground of the Goorkhas, some of the finest soldiers in the Indian Army. The isolation of the State is partly geographical, partly artificial. From the railway at Raxaul, in British territory, to the capital, Katmandu, the approach of 75 miles is full of natural difficulties, and is purposely kept impassable for wheel carriage and military attack. Consequently, few travellers have ever visited Nepal, which lies out of the track of tourists. The journey is long, arduous, and expensive. Even official visitors are rare, and they are not permitted to leave the valley, which forms but a small portion of the 60,000 square miles of the State.

But Mr. Percy Brown has had the enterprise to visit the valley, and has produced a book on its picturesque aspect and arts which will stimulate all lovers of the artistic and of scenery to follow in his footsteps. As Principal of the Calcutta School of Art, he writes with knowledge of Art in general and the Nepalese variety in particular; his account is concise and never tedious, and his forty-four illustrations, four of them coloured, give an excellent idea of the beautiful objects to be seen at the four principal towns in the valley and at the neighbouring temples. The country has a history in which religion is very prominent. The Buddha visited the valley in the fifth century B.C. The first Buddhist King Asoka was there in 249 B.C. Buddhism took the place of the primitive Brahminism, but succumbed partly to the revival of the latter. Islam never gained an entrance into the country, so that no iconoclasm occurred. Nepal combined the two well-known cults, and "in the broad sense Brahmo-Buddhism is the religion of the State to the present day." The original inhabitants, the Newars, became Buddhists, but, with the adoption of many of the popular features of Hinduism, the precincts of Buddhist monasteries and Buddhist temples were decorated with figures of Hindu gods, saints, and symbols. The Newars are a wonderfully artistic people; their art is essentially religious in character, consecrated to the service of the country's creeds. Their temples and

public buildings reveal a wealth of fine and applied art, which has found expression chiefly in their good wood-carving, metal-working, and metal statuary, both public statues and portrait figures, and to a small extent in their painted pictures. Mr. Brown dwells strongly on the genuinely religious feeling expressed by the Newar worker in his craftsmanship, which should be judged from the Eastern, not the occidental, point of view. The artistic sense of the Newars tends to clothe their religion with symbolism, so that the inner meaning of their productions requires study. The illustrations in the book are well chosen to display both the wood-carving and the metal figures, the riot of colour, and the two styles of architecture, broadly designated as the Chaitya, or earlier and more purely Buddhist, and the Pagoda, which was probably introduced into Nepal through the connection of the country with China. Stone-carving and weaving have not been developed in the same workmanlike fashion as the arts above-mentioned, but they have been and are practised.

Mr. Brown's book is a great advance on the information regarding Nepalese Art hitherto available in the few pages devoted to it in Fergusson's "Indian Architecture," and the author is to be congratulated on the clear and skilful style in which he has, with some enthusiasm, presented a rather difficult subject. To most persons the existence of any Art in Nepal will be altogether a revelation.

Brain and Religion

The Significance of Ancient Religions in Relation to Human Evolution and Brain Development. By E. NOEL REICHARDT, M.D. (George Allen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

DR. REICHARDT starts from the postulate that the process of evolution has added to the human brain a new layer of cells, and that the development of this layer has given rise to the astounding phenomena of history. The new layer formed a sort of subjective consciousness, completely separate from the lower part of the brain. This consciousness was supreme during the Oriental period of human development. "The gradual coming of this upper layer into relation with the outside world has made the objective phase of consciousness preponderant during the modern period of human development, and has finally given us that increased grasp over the materials and forces of nature which we possess at the present day." This is a highly technical physiological theory; for obvious reasons, based on observation and examination of the modern brain. How far the premises are admissible must be left to the scientific physiologist to determine.

But it is difficult for the layman to decide whether the induction is from the brain to history or from history to the brain, even though the author has the courage—or shall we call it subjective assurance?—to assert that he "will prove his theory beyond all manner of doubt in the following pages."

We cannot follow Dr. Reichardt in his identification

of religion solely with racial movements, and certainly not in his ideas of what constitutes a race. Race, to philological historians, means one thing, and to physiological anthropologists quite another. But to say that the possession of a common type of religion constitutes a race is an untenable position. To assume that Christianity, or Mediæval Catholicism, or Modern Protestantism, is racial, or coincides with racial development *qua* race appears to us altogether unhistorical. The advancement of such a theory seriously weakens many of the author's deductions. Dr. Reichardt has a curious train of reasoning to account for the progressive development of the idea of God among the Jews, culminating in the revelation in Christ, the sum total of which amounts to an assumption that man was left to himself till certain additions to his brain took place, and that *then* he was able to receive (still subjectively) the revelation of a true Creator, God.

This book is illustrated with some diagrams of brain waves and cells, intelligible only to the scientific specialist. Apart from the underlying physiological theories, there is a good deal of interesting information for the student of comparative religions. We are inclined to think that the real importance of such study lies, not so much in racial development, nor in generic brain waves, but rather in the common foundations of belief.

Shorter Reviews

Studies in the English Reformation. By the ARCHBISHOP OF MELBOURNE. (S.P.C.K. 5s.)

THE object of these lectures, delivered in Australia, is to give instruction, probably much needed, in the true position of the Anglican Church as a branch of the Catholic Church, and not a new Protestant body created in the sixteenth century. This being so, they are characterised by too much episcopal caution and reserve in controversial matters. It is remarkable that any churchman should speak of the Articles of Religion, rather than the Creeds, as "the Code of Faith." But the tendency of the Archbishop's mind is somewhat Erastian.

The Adventures of an Elephant Hunter. By JAMES SUTHERLAND. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

WHATEVER form it might have taken, this work would in any case have been a valuable one, since it comes from the pen of an expert. As a slayer of elephants the author holds a world's record. In ten years four hundred and forty-seven bull elephants—to say nothing of females—have fallen to his rifle. When to this is added not a little evidence of natural modesty and a genuine gift for story-telling, it stands to reason that the attractions of the book are altogether exceptional. If the work possesses a failing, it lies in a certain sameness which stamps the description of a number of the hunts. But, in dealing with hard facts, this is inevitable, and,

where every incident is extraordinarily vivid and thrilling, it would be ungrateful in the extreme to complain of, say, a dozen charging leviathans, when half a dozen might have served the same purpose. Moreover, when this similarity is concerned with a straightforward tale of separate hairbreadth escapes, there is certainly no opportunity for the reader's interest to flag. Mr. Sutherland admits that an elephant hunter takes his life in his hands; and if we had ever felt inclined to question this fact, a perusal of his book would effectively dissipate the last doubt. Nevertheless, he is an enthusiastic lover of the wild life, with all its perils, adventures, and hardships. Holding such views on sport as he does, it is little wonder that the author finds his life almost daily in the balance. He speaks with contempt of the men who go in twos and threes in quest of a solitary lion, and holds it fair play only when the life of one man is risked against that of one beast, whatever the latter's ferocity and size. It is not only the great forms of elephants which loom across the pages of this book. We have innumerable curious episodes, and adventures with buffalo, lion, leopard, crocodile, and, indeed, the whole host of wild creatures which inhabit the still trackless portion of Africa. Notwithstanding the great stress of his life, Mr. Sutherland manages to employ a camera, and the numerous illustrations of the great dead bodies of his elephants and those of the lesser game add even more to the value of this remarkable book.

By Flood and Field: Adventures Ashore and Afloat in North Australia. By ALFRED SEARCY. (G. Bell and Sons. 6s. net.)

MR. SEARCY'S adventures, as portrayed in this book, make thrilling reading. There is no doubt that the average cat would blush in his presence and slink away, shamed and humiliated; for in the matter of lives the author can outdo the traditional nine with the utmost ease. Certainly hairbreadth escapes never came more thickly in the pages of adventurous fiction. From this it must not be inferred that we have any intention of charging the author with feats of exaggeration. It has apparently been his good fortune to encounter one peril after another, and to escape unscathed from each in turn. As may be imagined, it is a rather breathless narrative, racily and breezily told. The feast of incident, moreover, is agreeably vivid. We are given the fights between the black fellows and the Malays trading along the coast, spear-fights, massacres, and cannibal rites. Then we have our author's own particular encounters with the black, and the yellow men, and the lawless whites. Finally, we have shipwrecks, castaways, and countless close dodgings of the teeth or horns of such animals as sharks, crocodiles, and buffaloes. The book carries the reader with a swing, and we can forgive the author even such an expression as "succulent bivalve," which, in this case, the harmless and necessary oyster, has once again had to suffer. To those who would like to know how life is waged in one of the few remaining wild corners of the earth, the work will come as a refreshing boon.

Fiction

The Aspirations of Jean Servien. By ANATOLE FRANCE. Translated by ALFRED ALLINSON. (John Lane. 6s.)

THE chronicle of the uninteresting life of an uninteresting person is not likely to afford readers thereof any very marked pleasure or enlightenment. And upon the whole we fear the life and doings of Jean Servien must be written down as uninteresting. Jean was a weak-minded, rather selfish, exceedingly stupid personage, the puppet of adverse influences, against which he made not the slightest resistance. He fell blindly in love with a somewhat jaded actress, as many a young man fell in love before him, and as many a young man will doubtless fall in love in the future. The nature of his passion, however, unlike that of the ordinary susceptible, ordinarily virile young man, bore all the stigmata of degeneracy, and ended, as is was bound to do, in disaster. So Jean perished ignominiously, by mistake, in no cause. Were Jean's aspirations after something in the least noble, or even great, we might have forgiven him. But the sum total of them amounts to no more than an aimless, formless, craving for the satisfaction of an ignoble passion.

M. Anatole France knows as well as any man how to portray the pathos of common lives, but about the life of Jean Servien there is not even pathos. And if no good word can be said for Jean one must describe the remaining figures, which go to fill the meagre canvas as repulsive in the extreme. M. Anatole France's analysis of emotions and motives is here, as everywhere, masterly, but it needs something more than such an analysis to make a book. The translation is uniformly good.

The New Gulliver. By BARRY PAIN. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

OF the story which gives title to this latest collection of fancies from Mr. Barry Pain's active imagination we think least; for some of the others we are deeply grateful. No writer of our time can be more amusing than Barry Pain, when he is in the mood; shall we ever forget the acute enjoyment, the insidious chuckles which overcame us when first we read that delightful book, "In a Canadian Canoe"? "The New Gulliver" deals with the adventures of an ordinary human being projected into a republic where science and eugenics are the ruling principles; it does not seem to bear the mark of much enthusiasm in the writing; it is followed by a series of essays, more or less humorous, entitled "In a London Garden"; and then comes one of the best dog stories we have read—omitting Mr. Kipling's "Garm" as *hors concours*. "Zero" was a "dear old fool" of a bulldog with an uncanny gift of foreseeing danger to his master, and of this quality the author has made capital use. The dog lives; he has a decided character; "if a toy Pom growls at him he runs away; and if a collie tries to get past him alive—well, it can't; he'd tear the throat out of any man as struck you, and if the

cat next door spits at him he goes and hides in the rhubarb." The other stories are excellent; but it is worth while buying the book to read of "Zero" and his doings.

The Children of Light. By FLORENCE CONVERSE. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s.)

THE forenote of this book is—

For the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light; and the children of light portrayed in these pages are interesting, but certainly not wise.

The co-operative child, Clara, who is the heroine and an American, starts her life in a co-operative settlement which proves a failure. A multi-millionaire leaves her part of his fortune, and the ultimate result is co-operation with a kindred spirit in the usual worldly way. A cousin who calls himself Brother Lucian and endeavours to imitate, not always successfully, St. Francis of Assisi, is a prominent figure in the story, which is clean, healthy reading, and with bright gleams of sunlight throughout on the principal characters and their doings. How the children endeavour to carry out their socialistic and other principles, and how they in many cases fail, the book itself will best show. Wordsworth seems the favourite poet of the authoress, but is it quite correct to say that Wordsworth revealed the spirit of his century's youth, its hope and its despair, its failure and its triumph, if triumph there were? A labour strike and American political methods with regard to elections are well described.

Levity Hicks. By TOM GALLON. (John Long. 6s.)

PARENTS do not always consider the choosing of names for their children with sufficient care. John Leviticus Hicks became known as Levity Hicks, or more often as Old Levity. This nickname being derogatory to any dignity he may have aspired to, from the time we start reading about him until the end he was poor, humble, and self-effacing. Very little happiness came into his life, but he did his utmost towards securing that of others, more especially in self-sacrifice for the sake of his younger brother, who lived under an assumed name. It is an interesting tale, with a pleasant infusion of love sentiment. The sequel is curious in its unearthliness, and provokes a good deal of questioning and thought.

The Theatre

"Turandot" at the St. James's Theatre

DURING the first half-hour of "Turandot, Princess of China," we felt that it would be necessary to say some severe things about Sir George Alexander, and about the theatre in general. We wondered vaguely if we had strayed into some new and gorgeous home of mimes and low comedians, where colour took the place

of humour, where the eye was surfeited at the expense of the ear; where, in fact, by the pressure of sheer splendour in costume and scene the author was endeavouring to force a dazed approval. We rebelled; somewhere at the back of our mind wandered little ghostly regrets for the hours of more dignified pleasure that we had known in this same theatre, for the electrifying snap and crackle of wit in "Lady Windermere's Fan"; for the irresistible "Importance of Being Earnest"; for the purely delightful sentiment and laughter of "D'Arcy of the Guards"; and for many other luxurious hours. These spectres reproached us, disturbed us, and refused, for a time, to be put to sleep by the opiate of beauty.

As the evening progressed, however, this comminatory mood softened, melted, and vanished; we even pardoned the terrible puns and the clowning. For the story of the lovely, cruel Princess who poses three riddles to her suitors and promptly exposes their heads in a gruesome row on the castle walls when they fail—as they always do—to guess the answers; and of the handsome Prince from a far country who dares her wrath and risks his head, and, better than all, solves her poetic problems immediately—this story appeals to something elemental within us, to the memory of long-lost days in fairyland, when dragons and huge beasts and beautiful Princesses and worshipping Princes were cardinal matters of our belief. It would have been too disgraceful not to fall in love with the exquisite Turandot—especially as we felt quite certain that she would marry her brave adorer at the last, in spite of intrigue on the part of a brunette slave. Slowly but surely Turandot veered round from the east wind of austerity to the warm southerly gales of love, protesting all the time that she "hated the sex." And, being under a magic spell and unable to resist, we veered round too.

The whole story, staged as it is with the art of the author, Dr. Vollmoeller, and rendered into English—a trifle too colloquially at times—by Mr. Jethro Bithell, is a dream of beauty. It is not drama; it is in fact anything but drama. Memories of the "Geisha" and "The Mikado" were revived, and we found ourselves wondering now and then what Gilbert and Sullivan would have done with it; for Mr. J. H. Barnes as the Emperor, Mr. Sass as Pantalone the Prime Minister, and Mr. Vivian Reynolds as the Chancellor, might have stepped straight from the boards of the old Savoy operas. Nevertheless, the spell is with them, and their acting is perfect in its way. Mr. Godfrey Tearle, with his thrilling voice, was a magnificent Calaf, Prince of Astrakhan, and as Turandot Miss Evelyn d'Alroy made the part live. But what is Miss Maire O'Neill doing here as Zelima, the slave? It was with a queer sensation that we listened to her delicate Irish tones, last heard, a world away, in such different surroundings; it brought a vivid moment from "The Playboy of the Western World" before us, as in a vision. Her comparatively small part she carries through excellently, winning special applause in the scene with the sleeping Prince. Miss Hilda Moore played well and with

passion as the brunette Adelm—compensated for her disappointment and her foiled designs on Calaf, we are happy to say, by the gift of freedom, a kingdom, and "whatever consort she may choose." The music, by Busoni, is dainty without much distinction, and in one interlude gave remarkably clear reminiscences of Mr. Edward German's "Henry VIII" dances.

The scenery and costumes, the general effects of the lighting, were dazzling, after the fashion of the ultra-modern German invasion. We have travelled far from the legitimate drama—from the tightly-packed plots of Goldsmith and Sheridan, and, were there space, might discuss the change and its tendencies. "Turandot," however, is not to be judged by these standards; it stands alone, and the severest critic, if he will but once admit that there was a child who believed in Fairyland, must be won by the charm and colour, by the voices and the action, of this exceptional "*Chinoiserie*" in Prose and Verse." The verse often rises to the level of true poetry, and in the three questions with which the Princess confounds her lovers there is a genuine vein of lyric fancy.

W. L. R.

"Billy's Fortune" at the Criterion

A COMEDY should resemble the world we live in. The funniest things in life and literature take place among people who convince us of their earnestness. Mr. Roy Horniman's work is always interesting, and often much more, but in "Billy's Fortune" he has neglected this simple point, and never for a moment troubled to make us believe in his twenty-six stage characters—except two servants and the dog. Thus he predisposes us to a sceptical view of the whole play, and constrains us, much against our will, to accept it as a slight charade which may or may not greatly amuse.

One's experience does not permit acceptance of the group of relations who meet to hear how Mr. Gameboys has left his fortune of £500,000, as natural human beings. These personages might, perhaps, have served in the brave days when people enjoyed such comedies as "Money," but their ways of showing themselves to be mean humbugs are not of our time. We do it, of course, but quite differently. Then, do solicitors still read out the wills of rich people to a group of mourners and servants? Not in our day, I think. Do undertakers burst in upon mourners and ask for compliments and give their cards? Hardly, in such a place as the "Shrubberies at Surbiton," where we are introduced to all these impossible people and to Billy. This last is the little boy whom the rich dead man had adopted, and in regard to whom he makes a wonderful stage will. It is the sort of will necessary to an unconvincing play. Several of the relations of Mr. Gameboys—a name reeking of the spirit of the 'fifties of the last century—are to entertain Billy as a guest, in turn; he is then to choose which one shall be his guardian, and that happy gentleman is to receive £100,000. There is much more in the will, but the rest does not greatly matter. What seems of importance to the author is that all the characters are very unpleasant people except

young Mr. Benjamin Gameboys and his beautiful wife and children. Billy tries each house in turn, and is fondled and petted by all until he reaches that of Benjamin, who does not care a bit about the £100,000, of course. He finds Billy very ill-mannered, and, greatly to the delight of the audience, is going to give him a whipping when the hero becomes suddenly very, very good, and the rest is a foregone conclusion. One feels that Mr. Horniman has neither done himself nor us justice, and that he has missed an agreeable, if slight, comedy by mere artistic insincerity.

Billy is remarkably well played by a new actor, Master Johnnie Brown, but he is not a sympathetic character. Mr. Rudge Harding makes the most of an unreal man of the world. His make-up, his voice, his action, all his part of the character is excellent; but then, like Mr. O. B. Clarence's Mr. Tomsett, the author has not allowed him to be human. Thus the cruel people do not interest, and the good would be absolutely boring but for the charm of Miss Gladys Mason, who makes a delightful mother to the young Benjamins, and eventually to the now regenerate Billy. The most lifelike people are among the servants, who express themselves naturally and freely. The Wopsall of Mr. Heath Haviland, who suffers under the tyranny of Billy and his self-seeking host, is played with that actor's usual skill and finesse, while the cook of Miss Ella Tarrant transformed the stage into a real world for the moment or two when she was before the audience.

For those who still cherish an affection for old-fashioned comedy there is fun and to spare in "Billy's Fortune." Of course, Mr. Horniman has written plenty of witty lines, and if you will only accept the artificiality of the characterisation you will be rewarded with frequent laughter. On the first night the play ran perfectly to constant applause.

"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" at the Queen's Theatre

THIS is called a farcical comedy, but it is not so much that as merely an entertainment which has been immensely successful in America. The first act is absolutely dull, and the fourth inconceivably unimportant; but there is a great deal of rather old and far-fetched fun in the two acts that come between. There is also the all-subduing character of J. Rufus Wallingford, played by Mr. Hall Hamilton with an easy confidence begotten, one presumes, of a thousand victories in the United States. Two rogues, Wallingford and Horace Daw (Mr. Julian Royce) decide that the small but rich town of Battlesbury shall be generally swindled and "done in." The author, Mr. Cohan, sees that things shall be made easy for his heroes, and all the queer company of citizens of the town become ready, if unwilling, victims to the gay deceivers. Personally, the manners of Wallingford and Daw would revolt us, but then there would be no "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" and no four acts adapted from the stories of Mr. George Randolph Chester.

After the invention of the Universal Tack Co., Ltd., and the floating of a dozen or so get-rich schemes, the impostors find themselves loaded with riches and become, as it were, honest brokers. That is the story, which is told at great length. Incidentally, everybody of importance falls in love with a sweet, pure American girl, and, having become so extremely honest, Wallingford and Co. marry, and all is bliss. Perhaps Mr. Beerbohm's "Happy Hypocrite" was a more seductive way of telling the same sort of story. But "Wallingford" will find admirers, I am sure, for it appeals to the simple heart of the masses, and is presented with considerable dash and skill. I don't know that it is worth while to analyse and state the facts of such a stage play as this, but it may roughly be said to have its just place among the legion of American successes which we are allowed to see over here. If we may use the standard suggested to us by such plays recently seen in London, "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" takes its place midway between the sentimental balderdash of "Rebecca of Sunlight Soap Farm," or whatever it was called, and the gay modernity of the agreeable "Officer 666," which is just ending its run. And then, of course, there is Mr. Hamilton, an actor with a large method of his own, original, free, smiling, and, to many, if not to us, convincing. It was the touches of pathos, the weak love-interest, and the last stupid act—doubtless admirable in Mr. Chester's tales—which robbed Wallingford of anything like truth, and made one wonder once more why such things are so immensely successful in America. The play is extremely original in one respect: we have never seen a comedy of four acts, or even six, in which the characters shook each other by the hand so frequently.

EGAN MEW.

The Adjudication on Welsh Plays

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN has made some interesting comments upon the recent competition for Welsh dramatic authors, and gives plain hints to those who may intend entering the lists this year. "It was not in the least contemplated," he writes, "when the prize was first offered that the reward would involve a general consideration of the drama annually. That I can vouch for. But since there has been a certain request for some sort of written reasoning on the award (I imagine as a guarantee that there is no sinister and hidden influence at work to defraud the budding dramatist of his dues), compliance is inevitable.

"It is necessary to restate the one great obstacle that exists. There is no dramatic tradition in Wales. There is nothing either to act upon or to react from. A value of tradition has been overlooked in so far that its irritant effect has been treated merely as a testimony to inherent virtue. To put it more plainly, as long as an art, a rite, or a doctrine, exists, there are some who will find their expression in developing it, and others who will equally find their expression in antagonism to it. Sometimes virtue is with the rebel, sometimes in the adherent. And

that is the stuff of the drama. But when there has never been a development of an art to the point where it becomes crystallised as a tradition, it remains in a vague state of abeyance. If the course of history and the current of affairs had run a little differently, the Cymry might have constructed an art form of their own. From their great stores of lyric inspiration, their eulogies, love songs, dirges, and satires, combined with their instinctive gift for choral singing, they might have made something wonderful and splendid, as did the Greeks. Their tooth and nail struggle for national existence prevented them, and to the best of my knowledge the development of complex art stopped short at the Morality, or at least in the next related form, shown in the Interludes of Twm o'r Nant. How far the accession of the Tudors and the consequent compact of the Cymro with England affected the native arts is a question for the intelligent historian. I make the reservation of intelligent because I have a haunting suspicion that historians become themselves by way of their entire lack of the appreciative faculty. I should have preferred to award the prize to a work which bore the distinctive mark of the native, but even the racial flavour cannot condone general incoherency and passages which approach fatuity. This is not a general condemnation, for several of the works I have read had a notable charm and quite an excellent quality of dialogue. Nevertheless, I have to acknowledge that the prize must go to a play entitled 'Change.'

"Yet this is not Welsh drama, but an admirable adaptation of an English manner to a Welsh subject. Therefore I wish it went with my conscience to give the prize to another work, admittedly inferior, but more congruous to the aims of this competition. I feel a certain grudge against the author of 'Change' in that his work might well have been submitted to the horde of hungry managers in London with good chance of success, instead of dealing a vicious blow at our aims. However, in future I undertake to smother my conscience in this regard with the ease of a politician. Henceforward any contribution founded too obviously upon an English model will be viewed with a baneful eye. Steal as much as you like from the English, but don't copy them."

The same prize of one hundred pounds, under the same conditions, is again offered, the MSS., in Welsh or English, to be sent in by September 21st, 1913, to the Secretary, W. N. D. Educational Publishing Company, Cardiff.

Germany's Most Popular Politician II.

THE life of an influential politician is always in a high degree an epitome of the political history of his time. With Bebel this becomes clearer the more we advance in his book. In the spring of 1867 we find him a member of the North German Reichstag, forerunner of the Reichstag of the new German Empire, and member of the Reichstag he has with a short interruption remained until to-day. From personal experience

and observation he relates a good deal of the history of the German Parliament and its foremost personalities. This is what he says of Bismarck as a Parliamentarian:

I was very anxious to hear him speak, and was greatly disappointed to find that, giant though he was, he did not roar like a lion or speak with the voice of a Stentor; his voice was actually a high treble. He made use of long and involved sentences, and was sometimes hesitating; but all he said was of interest and to the point.

Most narrowly the life of Bebel is associated with the history of his party. He was never its leader in the sense that he would have been able to force a policy upon it in the same way some leaders of middle-class parties in England and elsewhere have forced their parties willy-nilly to accept a certain policy. Modern social democracy is too democratically organised for that. But he was for a long time of his life more than this. He could in truth be called the "soul of his party." He surpassed it not in the same degree intellectually as at a certain time did Herr von Schweitzer, the gifted successor of Ferdinand Lassalle, and at another time Wilhelm Liebknecht, not to speak of Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels, and Ferdinand Lassalle themselves. He was more of the flesh and blood of the average clear-sighted proletarian, and shared even some of his limitations. So he was more able than the others to express his actual feelings. Besides, he was for many years a most active and conscientious worker in the organisation and administration of the party, combining political leadership with a great amount of lower grade work, whilst at the same time toiling hard to keep his turner's workshop going. In short, he did not play the man of the people, he *was* it in every respect. Enough above the average to command their respect, not so much away from them to loosen intimacy of feelings; always eager to widen by observation and reading his circle of knowledge, never lost in the dry-as-dust spirit of the study.

In this way he acquired his immense popularity. The middle classes accepted the Radical speeches of this genuine man of the workshop with much more patience and even attention than they would have taken them from a journalist or a working man who lost his caste. Quite rightly they did not see in him a renegade from a former creed, but a convinced believer. His ready wit made him an effective Parliamentary tactician, and as a speaker in public meetings he made converts by his great command of facts and the lucidity of their representation. A good dose of natural common-sense prevented him from being carried away by his theoretical radicalism to impossibilities in practice.

It stands to reason that he does not tell this in so many words in his book; the reader will, however, find most of it between the lines. When speaking of his public career, Bebel takes much pains to avoid vaingloriousness. This is more visible in the unabridged German than in the English edition, because in the

latter a considerable number of passages not dealing with the author himself are omitted in order to keep within the limits prescribed by H.M. the British Reader. Consequently the author's person takes in proportion a much larger place in the English edition than in the German original, and occasionally he appears in the light of an egotist, where in the original quite an objective description is given.

With all his simplicity, Bebel, of course, knows his value, and he has good taste enough not to play at over-modesty. He lays even now and then stress upon certain of his achievements, but he does it almost only where questions of policy are concerned and a certain objective historical interest is at stake. His great oratorical triumphs are either not mentioned at all, or passed over as quickly as possible, and little we read of the great amount of his labours for the party. A strong adherer to the theory of materialistic determinism, he reduces personal merit to very little. Thus he writes, pp. 41-42:—

Most emphatically I do not agree with the proposition that a man is master of his own fate. He is impelled to action by circumstances and his environment. . . . The self-made man exists only in a very limited degree. Hundreds of others, men of far better qualities than the man who comes to the top, live and perish in obscurity because unfavourable circumstances have kept them down—that is, have prevented the best application and exploitation of their personal excellences. It is favouring circumstances that lifts a man to a privileged position in life. For the very many who do not reach such a position there is no seat at the table of life; and, even if circumstances be favourable, a man must show the requisite adaptability to make use of them.

In the original the passage ends with the sentence: "This may be regarded as the personal merit of the individual." The English translation renders it by making Bebel say: "But there is no personal merit in that." Undoubtedly the latter is the more consistent deduction from materialistic determinism, but the conditional form of the original sentence makes the correction rather unnecessary. What Bebel has in mind is the relation of the individual influence on the influence of circumstances. And unintentionally he furnishes in his narration a telling specimen of this relation. If he maintains that his career is in a high degree the outcome of circumstances beyond his might, he is undoubtedly right. But when we read how assiduously he had worked for the enlargement of his knowledge before he joined the Leipzig Bildungsverein, and how seriously he took his duties when he was elected a member of the executive, we are driven to realise that more than certain circumstances and even a natural quickness of conception was required to make, of all the workers in that society, just this unpretending and sickly looking journeyman-turner by and by the most popular and influential leader of the greatest party of the German Empire.

The above is not the only case where exception can

be taken to the translation, and, likewise, it may well be disputed whether certain digressions on internal discussions could not safely have been more curtailed in order to gain room for others of a greater general interest and a more descriptive character. The omission of some very impressive pictures of the life of the German people is greatly to be regretted. But in spite of all this a book of historical interest is offered to the British public. Features of the private life of a most active politician, who represents many of the best qualities of his nation, alternate with the characterisation of prominent politicians and pictures of the conditions and the life of the people. Many great scenes of the young parliamentary life of the Fatherland pass in the description of a participator before the eyes of the reader, amongst them those memorable occasions when Bebel and his fellow-fighter Liebknecht stood alone in the Reichstag with their declarations against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine and hurricanes of furious indignation were raised by their biting criticism of the constitution of the new empire and their courageous defence of the Paris Commune of 1871. Partly touching and partly amusing changes are procured by scenes of the prison life of the writer, who saw the insides of quite a collection of German prisons as a convict. The book ends at the eve of the promulgation of the anti-socialistic law in 1878. It shows how Bismarck since 1871 worked incessantly and consistently to get a coercion law of this kind in one shape or the other carried through Parliament, how the shots of two degenerates at the old Kaiser William I. helped him at last to the desired end, what hopes were attached to this piece of legislation by its contrivers, and—in a preface to the English edition from the pen of the author—what its achievements have been. A childhood and youth in poverty and privation, a manhood of continuous strife with ups and downs, and an old age full of bright hopes for the final success of his cause—such is the Life of August Bebel.

Berlin, Schöneberg.

ED. BERNSTEIN.
(Member of the Reichstag).

Herbert Kaufman, Poet and Inspirer

ALMOST within arm's length of the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York City, and within a stone's throw of Fifth Avenue—that most fascinating, provoking, and unbelievable of streets—there is a very *chic* milliner's shop, up one flight of stone steps. During these bright, invigorating days when there is in the air a snap that blows away the rush of late nights, enormous motor cars whirl up to this house and set down youngish women who walk and dress like Paris and talk like Kennington. The really charming wrought-iron gates of the shop are open from nine until seven, and the leaves of the two stunted trees which stand sentry-wise upon the top step collect a varying conglomeration of pleasant scent during these working hours. Apparently much business is done in this almost celebrated hat-shop, and certainly the

looking-glasses that line the wide Rivolian passages reflect the pretty, tired, petulant, and often insolent features of all sorts of well-known women.

It is, however, after closing hours that this house becomes the centre of attraction, and then you may see all kinds and conditions of men putting a finger on the bell that sends a sharp, insistent ring through the unique suite of apartments that are at the top of this building, and brings down a small, neat Japanese manservant, with an ineffable bedside manner. Governors of States, judges, great musicians, proprietors of newspapers who think little of a circulation that does not number millions, novelists, philosophers, playwrights, actors—but not many—publishers, criminal lawyers and criminals, diplomats, cosmopolitans, and all other men who have done, are doing, or are going to do something great, somehow, some time, enter this house eagerly, and leave with reluctance. The reason for this is that there is a man in those unique rooms upstairs, who, magnet-wise, attracts to him by his amazing vitality, his God-sent optimism, his warm-hand-clasp, his indomitable pluck, his unflinching honesty, and his unquenchable genius, all those others who live in or pass through the great city, and who get from Herbert Kaufman a fresh fund of life-force to send them on their way.

And yet it is wrong to call Herbert Kaufman—essayist, novelist, newspaper editor, globe-trotter, psychologist, and poet—a man. He is a boy, for although he has achieved more in his comparatively short life than most men achieve in a long one, he stands on the threshold of his desire. He has at his own estimation only just begun, and yet his letter-box is filled with half a thousand letters daily from the four million readers to whom he weekly and strongly appeals.

Everyone who knows anything in America knows how potent an influence Herbert Kaufman wields, except Herbert Kaufman. He is like most great men, very humble. He knows what he can do and does it grandly, bigly, unsparingly; but he is never satisfied. He sends forth from the ends of his golden pen loud trumpet calls that bring his countrymen up all standing. He is for honesty, duty, fearlessness, cleanliness, the love of God, the love of humanity, courage, and, above all, optimism. He stands, sensitive to every cry from a great, unwieldy, fumbling melting-pot of a nation, an inspirer, a prophet. He has a hand as melting as the day to open charity. He has a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute. In him is the very essence of the joy of life. He is artist and a practical man. He has the gift of friendship that passes the love of women. As a figure, a personality, a force, he has no living rival. He can be compared to Niagara, and behind all his energy, all his vital common sense, all his clarity of national thinking, all the quick, sharp clang of his resonant teaching, he has the soul of a poet. Not only has he the soul of a poet, but he has the masterly pen and the lyrical gift of a poet too. There is no poet in all America to-day whose passion, whose sense of beauty, whose appreciation of pain, whose feeling for

colour, whose adoration of love, whose great, strong, unashamed idealism moves and stirs so profoundly.

It is to Herbert Kaufman to whom men of achievement new to America go at once. To them he shows a hospitality and a thoughtfulness that warms these strangers' hearts towards the country that he stands for so well. It is to Herbert Kaufman to whom are sent the young men of promise to be stiffened and heartened and sent on tiptoes along the great wide road. It is to this Peter Pan to whom the men who count, the men who have earned their names, go as to a fountain for the pure waters of sincerity and optimism. At the turn of the year his poems will appear in volume form in England—and it is time. COSMO HAMILTON.

Cavalry in Modern Warfare

AFTER each great war it follows that there are many important lessons to be learnt. The extraordinary thing is that while competent military critics in all countries do not fail to take note of these lessons, experience shows again and again that their advice, founded upon knowledge of warfare in practice, remains unheeded. It is beyond the scope of the present article to describe all the defects which betrayed themselves in the military organisations of the belligerents in the Middle East. One aspect of the campaign, however, merits immediate attention—the failure of the Bulgarians to render their victories complete in consequence of the inadequacy of their cavalry.

The extensive employment of motor power as a means of traction, with its inevitable sequel, the growing scarcity of horses, has led a certain school of critics to the somewhat premature conclusion that the horse is destined to disappear from the scene, and that in its place will be substituted, with even greater efficiency, mechanical methods of locomotion as embodied in the automobile, the motor cycle, and the ordinary bicycle. The success achieved by the employment of these machines in set manoeuvres over a stipulated area where the roads are favourable and conditions generally ideal would seem to lend weight to the theory thus advanced. Moreover, it is indisputable that, in certain circumstances, for the purposes of mobilisation, for the subsequent rapid movement of troops, and for the transporting of supplies and munitions, motor traction is unrivalled. All Continental armies are devoting serious attention to this feature of modern military organisation. For example, the Russian War Ministry, having arrived at a decision as to the best type of car suitable for use in a campaign, has induced the Government to offer important privileges to those private owners who purchase this type, and who, in time of war, are willing to place their cars at its disposal. Nevertheless, were we to allow our enthusiasm for motor traction to delude us into the belief that the days of the horse's usefulness are numbered, we should be committing a grievous error of judgment, and one, moreover, in the event of war calculated to produce disastrous consequences.

Impartial observers who witnessed the recent campaign in Thrace are at one in declaring that the insufficiency of the Bulgarian cavalry alone saved the Ottoman army from annihilation. When retreating in disorder after Lule Burgas, the Turks, physically exhausted and lacking both food and ammunition, would have fallen an easy prey to the enemy had the latter been able at the last moment to throw into the scales an adequate force of fresh and efficiently mounted men. In that event, we are told by one authority, the stand now being made at Tchatal-Dagh would have been impossible, and with Constantinople at the mercy of the Bulgarians an immediate termination of the war must have followed.

Here, then, in an extremely important particular, we have to guide us the one experience that counts—the experience of modern warfare. Besides this all theorising based upon the mere rehearsal of manoeuvring is not only valueless, but positively harmful, and for the reason that it might conceivably lead to the impairment of efficiency in the one arm of the service upon which, in certain circumstances, complete success in war may depend. To find recent examples which afford striking proof of the utility, and oftentimes the indispensability, of cavalry, we need not confine our investigation to the Balkan war. In the Manchurian campaign of 1904-5, a campaign that was without doubt the greatest of modern times, this want of an efficient mounted force was again and again in evidence. Japanese generals have asserted, and their conclusions were fully borne out by the Attachés of all nations, that it was the insufficiency of their cavalry that alone thwarted their design of converting a Russian defeat into a catastrophe. In this case both sides suffered from the lack of serviceable cavalry. The Japanese, though good soldiers, were bad horsemen; while the Russian Cossacks, though superb horsemen, were but an irregular and indifferently trained body. The influence which this defect in the mounted arm exerted upon the fortunes of the campaign was incalculable. We have seen that, in consequence, beyond certain limits the striking power of the Japanese was completely paralysed. In short, after fighting long drawn-out battles, in which considerable progress was made from both wings in the envelopment of the enemy, their infantry mass, weary and worn beyond all endurance, was compelled to halt and rest. Meanwhile the enemy escaped, as it were, through the one remaining gap, and, although in disorder, retreated in comparative leisure, unharassed by cavalry pursuit. The German military Attachés have left it on record that "if the Japanese cavalry, opposed as it was to what must be termed a very inefficient cavalry, had been good horsemen and shots, it might possibly—indeed, probably would—have made of Liao-yang a decisive victory." Liao-yang, it should be remembered, was the first really momentous engagement of the field campaign. We are therefore led to the conclusion that it was this insufficiency of cavalry that indirectly led to the prolongation of the war over a period of twelve months, with the consequent sacrifice of many thousands of lives, and

that in the final peace terms permitted Russia to argue, much to her own advantage, that she had a great army in being.

When we turn to the part played by Russia during the war we find that she, too, suffered to no small extent from insufficiency of good cavalry. General Sir Ian Hamilton, who was with the Japanese forces, confesses that on one occasion he was instinctively waiting to hear the crackle of musketry and to see some hundreds, perhaps thousands, of bold horsemen gallop across and try to capture General Kuroki and his staff. The enterprise, he said, was feasible. "But the accomplishment of such a feat," he added, "demands initiative, quickness, audacity on the part of the leader. For the men, too, is required a training which makes them fine dashing horsemen in the saddle, and good solid infantry the moment their feet touch the ground." The incident narrated by Sir Ian Hamilton reminds us forcibly of the dramatic capture by cavalry, during the last French manoeuvres, of the Commander-in-Chief of one of the forces engaged and his staff, just at a moment when the critics who were present at the operations were giving utterance to the pessimistic opinion that the horse was on the eve of being superseded by the motor. Eminent military authorities agree that even shock tactics may with advantage be employed under the conditions of modern war; and the case of the Bengal Lancers, who, during the Boxer rising, rendered useful work in this direction, in spite of the obstruction of *koaliang*, has been cited as evidence that the Russians lost many opportunities of successfully employing their cavalry. It was, however, the inability of their mounted arm to fight efficiently when dismounted that rendered it of but little account. In the opinion of experts a dozen squadrons so employed could, at any rate, have impeded greatly the turning movement of the Japanese, and the Russians would have suffered much less than they did during their retreat. Mounted troops, fighting on foot, widely dispersed, and firing rapidly, might conceivably cause the enemy to exaggerate their numbers, thus gaining time.

But perhaps of all the lessons which the Manchurian campaign conveyed in regard to the need for strong and efficient cavalry, that to be derived from Mistchenko's famous raid into the lines of communication area of the Japanese army was the most suggestive. True, the enterprise was badly executed. Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that it failed to achieve all its objects, it was in a measure useful, inasmuch as it resulted in the acquisition of valuable information as to the enemy's movements, and for a time produced something akin to consternation in the enemy's camp. Had the undertaking been properly carried out, a very serious blow would have been dealt the Japanese. As it was, the raid was sufficiently successful as to be hailed as the first example in modern military history of the strategic employment of cavalry outside its sphere of reconnoitring and protective duties, and of co-operation with other arms on the battlefield. To find a precedent one has to go back to similar raids in Ger-

many in 1813, and during the War of Secession in North America. In the latter case these raids were conducted amid the ideal conditions (none of which favoured Mistchenko in his adventure) afforded by a thinly populated country, thickly wooded and well stocked with food and horses. So impressed were the German War Staff with the possibilities of a raid such as that which Mistchenko essayed that in a considered opinion dealing with the general utility of cavalry, which we quote below, they lay particular emphasis upon the subject:—

But during the later phases of war, when it is a question of fighting down the last resistance, situations can be imagined when not only a considerable portion of the cavalry can without scruple be set free for raids, but where also the rearguard communications of the shaken enemy form an especially valuable object accelerating final submission. The second part of the war in 1870-1 shows a whole series of cases where German cavalry would have been well able to cut the arteries of the new French formations. French cavalry, too, might have seriously hurt the extensive German lines of communication if the capitulations of Sedan and Metz had not brought its existence to a premature end. The Manchurian campaign has now shown that the long pauses in the operations between the slowly progressing fights for positions gave the cavalry fresh opportunities for showing their daring in rear of the enemy. Similar fights for positions may without doubt be enacted in European theatres of war as well, though they will not form at all the rule; and as matters stand in Europe the enormous superiority in cavalry possessed by the Russians over the Japanese from the outset is, it must be granted, a thing not likely to recur.

Finally, were it necessary to give further proof of the need for strong and efficient cavalry in modern war, we might quote from the opinions frequently expressed by no less an authority than Kuropatkin. The Russian Commander-in-Chief deplored the circumstance that in Manchuria it was not required of the mounted men that they should face losses in the same proportion as was the case with the men on foot. He considered that cavalry should be trained to fight as obstinately as infantry, and pointed out that the latter frequently continued hostilities after sacrificing as much as fifty per cent. of its strength.

Leaving altogether out of consideration the South African campaign, the character of which may be fairly described as exceptional, it has been abundantly illustrated by reference to the two most recent wars in history—wars which were fought out under conditions approximating those which would obtain in what is termed a European conflagration—that no modern army can be called efficient unless it contains an adequate force of cavalry trained not only to fight as such, but, should occasion arise, to fight also on foot with the skill and resource of the best infantry. When we realise that to-day there are 100,000 fewer horses on British farms than was the case two years ago, and that in the event of war there would consequently be a wholly inadequate

supply of mounts with which to equip a proper proportion of cavalry in the British Army, then we may realise that the question raised in this article is of first national importance.

L. L.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

ON Wednesday, 15th inst., there was a crowded House to hear Mr. Balfour open the last debate on the Home Rule Bill which would occur in the Commons. Somehow one can never look upon him as a veteran, and yet he has been in the forefront of three Home Rule struggles, and was Chief Secretary for Ireland long before the majority of the members had left school.

His speech read admirably the next morning, but I am bound to say it was not as well delivered as usual—he was unusually hesitating, and did not really warm to his work until he neared the peroration. He began by a simile which is worth recording. "The whole course of our proceedings reminds me of those old comedies of intrigue, in which the chief schemer goes to each of the subordinate characters in turn, and, giving different versions of his object, invites them by separate methods to carry out his policy—finally leaving them all dupes." Here one or two Ministerialists counter-cheered, and it was taken up by the whole party. Balfour looked puzzled. He turned to Bonar Law and asked him what he had said that was wrong; he turned to Alfred Lyttelton and evidently asked him had he made a slip of the tongue and used a wrong word. Both said "No," and he slowly proceeded with his indictment: "I do not think I am slow in catching what the House usually means, but perhaps as I develop I shall understand why Ministerialists are amused." If it had been Bonar Law speaking there might have been a little point in the laughter from the Coalition point of view, but aimed perforce at Balfour it was absurd. He proceeded: "You have appealed to a large variety of interests, and have duped them all. You have said to the Irish, 'We will give you nationality'; to the British, 'We will give you peace and tranquillity from the Irish question'; to the taxpayers, 'You will get economy'; to the Home Ruler All Round, 'This is a step towards the disintegration of the United Kingdom'; to the Imperialists, 'This is a step to the closer unity of the Empire'; to the dwellers in the south-west of Ireland, 'You have an inalienable right to be governed by yourselves according to your own ideas'; to Ulster, 'You will never be so happy as when you are governed according to other people's ideas.'"

Comparisons are always odious, but now and then they are interesting. I maintain that Balfour, as an all-round speaker and debater, stands head and shoulders over everybody else in the House of Commons. There is no one equal to him in a sudden emergency, and no one can deliver a better speech without preparation. On the other hand, Asquith has a great number of admirers all over the House. His speech was evidently much more carefully prepared than his rival's; indeed, I

doubt if Balfour's speech would have been as good as it was if time had been spent over its preparation; but for all that Asquith's was the speech of the debate. My old friend, Phil May, when he first made his name and began to draw for the big papers, used to draw carefully all his pictures in pencil and then rub out every superfluous line. Later on, as his style matured, he knew what told, and did not trouble to begin in pencil. Asquith is like Phil May in the height of his art; there is never a superfluous word. Cold, clear, precise, his speech was brimming with facts—he used a new word in order to tickle the groundlings, "fuligenous"—and quoted Latin, ending up with a splendid and eloquent peroration in favour of "true fruitful and enduring union." The uncouth Outhwaite made a maiden speech—full of furious sentiment. Carson had said that if twenty or thirty Ulstermen were shot by British soldiers it would drive the Government out of office, but if the Privy Councillors who had been preaching rebellion and sedition in Ulster were taken out and shot it would not lose a single vote in his constituency. Young Agar-Robartes, the free-lance Liberal from Cornwall, was dead against the Bill, and said so, while Horner warned the Government that over 90,000 men were drilling in Ulster at the present moment.

Thursday was the great night—the House, the galleries and the ladies' gallery were packed to overflowing. Outside, the Lobbies were full, and round the buildings, in spite of the wet, groups gathered as the night wore on. Yesterday the seniors had their fling—to-night youth stepped on to the stage. Simon started with an excellent speech; he quoted as the compiler of a book of quotations from the Unionist point of view one "Rosenbaum," and by the cheers that followed it was clear that he meant it offensively. What he meant was that the Tories are obliged to rely on the cleverness of a foreigner—a German Jew. Smith, who followed, was on to him like lightning. "Do you associate yourself with the Nationalist who lately attacked this man in the House where he cannot defend himself?" Simon tried to deny the allegation, but it was too patent. Smith next turned his attention to Asquith and said, "Some men were optimists from compulsion." Finally he turned to the earlier speeches of Grey and Churchill, who said that if Ulster would not accept Home Rule another way would be found. "What was it? Where was it? Will you on any terms consent to the exclusion of Ulster, and, if so, what are those terms?"

John Redmond next got up. He said, with great dignity, "The right honourable gentleman did not address his question to me." A mighty shout of "Dictator" went up from the Unionists. "We cannot allow our country to be mutilated," he explained. Bonar Law wound up for us, and Birrell, in one long and mighty peroration without a full stop only ended when the last second had ticked at half-past ten.

There were two divisions. Although the numbers were one less in one than the other the results were the same—110. The Coalition stood up and shouted themselves hoarse; they cheered Asquith, but when

Redmond came in Jack Wilson bawled out, "He is the Dictator; why don't you cheer him?" Outside wiser counsels had prevailed; no band was allowed or attempted; there was no meeting outside the National Liberal Club, and 2,500 Unionists marched to the Constitutional Club through the rain to hear F. E., who, by the way, was nearly "scragged" by a policeman on his way thither.

On Friday we once more turned to Welsh Disestablishment. By Clause 18 the Radicals have decided what they will do with the plunder. Some of it is to go to any (it does not matter what) charitable, eleemosynary, or public purpose of local or general utility; the proceeds of other property are to be spent on colleges, books and stuffed birds. So long as it is taken from the Church it really does not matter. The Hon. Charles Bathurst is known as Cheerful Charlie because he possesses a sunny disposition concealed by a long and gloomy visage. He moved the amendment, which held the field all the afternoon—viz., that the funds should be used for the advancement of the Christian religion through one or more of the denominations.

The Radicals are beginning to be a little ashamed of the position. McKenna promised that none of the money should go to museums. Then "public purposes" was struck out. The Nonconformists declared that they did not want any of the money, and, to do them justice, they never have; their difficulty all along has been to know what to do with it after it was stolen, and this afternoon they seemed to realise that their intentions were rather thin. No! having robbed the Church and crippled her, they do not care very much about the money. All religious bodies are now on an equality in Wales, and yet, as "Boadicea Hunt" put it, the squire will still invite the poor parson to dinner whilst the minister will have to be content with high tea with the grocer. The whole Bill is a question of class hatred. Hugh Cecil made a speech full of lofty thought and imagination, and McKenna was really amiable; he said quite earnestly, "What they wanted was peace."

On Monday things went fairly smoothly; all the excitement was outside in the lobby. The Unionists are very indignant with the callous way the Government have treated the minority over the Franchise Bill. The Bill will have the most far-reaching effects; it is a Reform Bill brought in at the fag-end of an unexampled Session. In fact, it is more than a Reform Bill, it is a revolution. The Government obtained a second reading on the understanding that the occupier was the principal person to be considered; at the eleventh hour they have changed their minds and made "residence" the qualification. By this sudden alteration, the franchise of the City of London, the Capital of the Empire, will be reduced from 30,000 people who have a stake in the country to 3,000 office caretakers and policemen.

The women's question is also exciting much speculation. Sir Edward Grey has moved to omit the word "male." This is to leave the way clear for the various woman's suffrage amendments. It is believed this will be carried by a small majority. If all the other amend-

ments fail, which seems likely, Sir Edward Grey, by agreement, has promised to reinsert the word "male" to satisfy the Unionist Woman Suffragists who object to adult suffrage. The one that has the next best chance, I think, is the Conciliation amendment, which gives the franchise to women only who pay rates and taxes. On the Welsh Bill were discussed tenths, first-fruits, and the resurrection of the Deceased Wife's Sister.

Lord Robert Cecil called, or was alleged to have called, Joe King a buffoon—to which he objected strongly. Lord Robert apologised, but seemed surprised; he thought King was proud of being jester to the Commons.

During one division a Unionist teller, Montague Barlow, disappeared and could not be found. Whitty, the Chairman, ruled that three tellers were sufficient, but Barlow reappeared and was greeted with ringing cheers as he went up to the Chairman to explain his absence.

On Tuesday the Government had a very serious problem to tackle—namely, how to wind up this unparalleled session. The position is this: there is enough legislation to finish and wind up to occupy an ordinary session, but it will have to be jammed into three weeks. This does not matter, because it can be done by late sittings and the guillotine. The quality of the legislation does not count at all; but the second point is that under the Parliament Act a Bill must go up to the House of Lords one clear month before the end of the session. The third dilemma is that by Tommy Bowles' successful action the Budget cannot be delayed or put aside to suit the convenience of Ministers; it must be passed into law early in the year, or people need not pay taxes. The fourth thing is the absolute necessity for members to have some sort of holiday.

Asquith showed his usual slimness; he hopes to clear up everything by February 19, which seems impossible; give a holiday to March 13, which I doubt if we shall get; go on with the session—and here his artfulness comes in—until the 17th, and let the new session begin, say, on the 18th. However, he has some rough water to get through before that.

This arrangement having been announced, we discussed graveyards. The Government, having interfered with the Church in every conceivable direction, wanted to insist that the parishioners still had rights in the graveyards. The Unionists wanted to know who were parishioners. They understood that parishes had gone into limbo. What rights had parishioners under the Bill? Could the State compel the disabled Church to perform duties? Under the Bill it seems they can.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts, whose genius finds its happiest opportunities in the diverse characters and rugged circumstances of Dartmoor, is publishing this month with Mr. Murray another novel, "a modest comedy," entitled "Widcombe Fair," in which he brings out that genial aspect of the people of the moor which has perhaps not been very evident in his earlier works treating of that romantic region.

Notes and News

"The Watcher of Life" is the title of Mr. Harry Tighe's new novel, which Messrs. Ouseley will publish in the spring.

A new novel by Frank Danby, "Concert Pitch," will be published in the course of a few weeks by Hutchinson and Co.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree will be the guest of the Poets' Club at their monthly dinner on January 23, at the Café Monico. He will deliver an address entitled "Our Betters."

In his book dealing with Dickens's Social Teachings, to be published next week by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Mr. W. Walter Crotch, one of the keenest of our reformers, insists that reform of abuses is equally insistent for our own times.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett announce for immediate publication a new novel, entitled "His Brother's Keeper," by Judge McDonnell Bodkin. Those who have read his stories of Paul Beck, the great detective, will welcome a new book full of romantic incident by the creator of that interesting character.

Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co., in issuing a detailed list of forty-seven books to be published by them during January and February, announce that early in March they will have ready a further list, containing descriptions of at least forty-eight additional volumes to appear also during the first six months of the year.

An interesting exhibition of highly pictorial photographs of topographical, architectural, and picturesque scenery in Portugal and Galicia is now open at the Royal Photographic Society's House, 35, Russell Square, W.C., and will remain open free to the public daily from 11 a.m. till 5 p.m. until Saturday, February 22.

A play entitled "Queen Tara," by Mr. Darrell Figgis, is to be produced, in curtains, at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, on February 25, and there is a probability that it will be brought to London in the summer. Messrs. J. M. Dent and Son will publish the play shortly at 1s. paper covers, and 2s. in cloth.

Ibsen's historical drama, "The Pretenders," will be produced for the first time in this country by Mr. Frederick Harrison at the Haymarket Theatre, on Thursday evening, February 13. "The Pretenders" is regarded by most critics as Ibsen's masterpiece. It was written when the great Norwegian dramatist's power was at the highest, and is one of his famous series of historical dramas.

Messrs. Sach and Co., 155, Victoria-street, S.W., announce that they have acquired the stocks of the following standard works by Alfred Edward Carey, M.Inst. C.E.: "The Protection of Sea Shores from Erosion," with 11 illustrations, 1s. net (awarded Royal Society of Arts Medal); "Breakwater Building," with 12 illustrations, 1s. 6d. net; and "Prehistoric Man on the Highlands of East Surrey," with 27 illustrations, 1s. net.

Baxter Prints.—The prices of Baxter prints change so frequently that a year-book has become a necessity. The leading authority upon these charming productions, Mr. C. T. Courtney Lewis, has compiled such a manual, "The Baxter Print Handbook, 1912-13." This will appear very shortly from the publishing house of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., whence have come already two works by the same author, "The Picture Printer of the Nineteenth Century" and "George Baxter, Colour Printer: His Life and Work."

Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson will shortly issue "Mines and Their Story," by J. Bernard Mannix, a fully-illustrated volume similar to Mr. Chatterton's popular "Sailing Ships and Their Story." Mr. Mannix has treated his subject under the headings of Gold, Diamonds, Silver, Coal and Iron—the chief products of the earth, ornamental or useful. He explains the processes of mining in lucid and non-technical language, and narrates the romantic developments of the industry from ancient times to modern days.

Mr. John Lane publishes this week "From Studio to Stage," by Weedon Grossmith, at 16s. net. The author is of course best known as an actor, but his interests are by no means confined to the theatre. These qualities have enabled him to write a most entertaining book, in which he describes his early struggles, gives interesting accounts of some of his most notable rôles, and has a large store of anecdotes about all manner of celebrities in and out of Bohemia. The book contains thirty-two illustrations, some of them reproductions of the author's own pictures.

Messrs. Holden and Hardingham have ready for immediate publication an important novel by the Count de Soissons, entitled "My Sentimental Ancestress." In this romance, which is full of striking incidents and telling situations, the Count depicts the state of France during the early phases of the Great Revolution. He pictures the unrest which preceded the Revolutionary explosion, and holds that the unrest now prevailing here is very similar, and that a Revolution may ensue in this country, even as it did in France, from lack of firm statesmanship.

Mr. Heinemann publishes this week "The Positive Evolution of Religion," by Frederic Harrison. This may be regarded as the summing-up of all Mr. Harrison's writings on this subject; "Jesus of Nazareth," a dramatic poem, by Alexandra von Herder, which deals with the closing phases of Our Lord's life, and "The Frontiers of the Heart," a translation of "Les Frontiers du Cœur," by Victor Margueritte. This is a novel which has met with considerable success in France. It is the story of an international marriage between a French and a German family at the time of the war of 1870.

Mr. E. Torday, the author of "Camp and Tramp in African Wilds," has spent a long and eventful period in the neighbourhood of Lake Tanganyika. He has been Government Agent, naturalist, and hunter, and has many thrilling stories to tell of adventures with man and beast. He has arbitrated in difficult questions of warfare, formed treaties of peace between hostile tribes, and collected much valuable information by this way. The photographs are well taken and of a highly interesting character. The book will be published by Seeley, Service and Co. shortly.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE FUTURE OF THE MIDDLE EAST.

IT will be within recollection that in the period which preceded the war in the Near East events that were shaping themselves in the Middle East occupied the serious attention of European diplomacy, and were the subject of not a little public interest. It was only to be expected that the dramatic episodes of the great campaign in European Turkey should for the moment eclipse all other issues of international concern. Now, however, that the final result of the war is no longer in doubt, the time is singularly opportune for a review of the situation in the Middle East, with the object of ascertaining to what extent it has been affected by the changed conditions arising out of the Ottoman *débâcle* in Europe.

In this connection we cannot refrain from recalling that before she was driven into hostilities with the Balkan League Turkey sought to become a factor in the Persian question. The methods she employed to further her aim—notably the concentration of troops in the neighbourhood of Lake Urmia—brought her into direct conflict with the interests of Russia. As a consequence, the relations between the two countries exhibited uneasy symptoms, and the writer, who visited the Caucasus about the time, did not fail to take note that Russia on her side was engaged in military preparations. Then came the outbreak of war in the Middle East, and Turkey, anxious to avoid all complications outside the theatre of operations, not only lost no time in concluding peace with Italy, but made haste to stand well with Russia by withdrawing her troops from the Persian frontier. Throughout the campaign the knowledge that Russia, whose sympathies were entirely with the fighting Slavs, could with ease throw a great army into Asiatic Turkey has not been without its influence upon the general situation.

Many publicists have given expression to the view that the downfall of Turkey will in the end prove to be the real source of her rejuvenation. This conclusion they base upon the fact that the administration of Macedonia, involving as it did the scattering of Turkish forces and a heavy annual drain upon the Treasury, has in the past diverted Ottoman activity from its legitimate sphere, the region of Asia Minor. We are told that, profiting by the bitter lessons of the recent war, the Turks will revive the glories of their Empire in the rich territories that lie to the East. One writer has even gone to the length of declaring that the reassertion of Mussulman power in lands close to India will be a source of strength to India. But in all these optimistic visions of the Turkey of the future we find that one determining consideration is unheeded—the situation as it actually exists to-day in the Middle East. In the first place, it is clear that any title which Turkey may have held in regard to an extension of her frontiers in the direction of Persia has finally disappeared. Nor is that all. The

difficulties which the Ottoman Government are encountering in Europe have emboldened the long-suffering Armenians to agitate once more for freedom from the yoke of the Caliphate. They are said to have asked for Russian assistance and protection; and although Russia is naturally disinclined to commit any overt act that might conceivably disturb the world's peace, it is plain from the answer she has returned to the Armenians that she is sorely tempted to espouse their cause and enlarge her territories. For this, if for no other reason, it is devoutly to be hoped that peace in the Near East will be restored, so that complications which would serve as a pretence for still further aggression upon Turkish dominions be once and for all removed.

As things are at present, it is evident that the position of the Turks in Asia Minor, the only remaining outlet for their energy in the future, is essentially a precarious one. It is no exaggeration to say that to a large extent this region has become internationalised. And, admittedly, it is this tendency to carry out such principles of internationalisation in all parts of the world that produces discord among the Powers. Not only in the Middle East do we find it in operation. It has long been established in certain territories of China; and the wrangling which is now taking place over the future status of Albania has revealed the world's intention to apply it in a modified form to one aspect of the situation in the Near East. When the harassed Turk, driven out of Europe, turns with new-born hope to the rich pastures of his Asiatic territories, he will find that they are already intersected by elaborate railway systems and already divided into spheres of railway influence to which attach commercial and political privileges so comprehensive as to render Ottoman sovereignty of little worth. Thus we find that the French possess important railway interests in Anatolia. Then, through the heart of Asia Minor, as it were, linking the waters of the Mediterranean with those of the Persian Gulf, is to run the Baghdad Railway under German domination. From this great artery are to spring many branch lines, also under German domination; and the important port of Alexandretta, on the Mediterranean, has been conceded to Germany under terms which are equivalent to a title of possession.

It is not denied by responsible publicists in Germany that the realisation of this vast project will permit of extensive German colonisation in Asia Minor. When we come to the last section of the line, where British interests are paramount, we find that Downing Street maintains its rights by reference to an obscure treaty concluded with the Sheik of Koweit. The usual way out of the difficulty—internationalisation—is to be resorted to. Thus it has been suggested that a syndicate of nations composed of Great Britain, France, and Russia, with Turkey last and certainly least, shall control this last section.

In Persia, also, the principle known as railway penetration is to extricate diplomacy from its political embarrassments. Russia has promised to link up with the Baghdad system any railways she may construct,

and if, as seems likely, the Trans-Persian scheme, which is to make India accessible by railway, be realised, then the positions tacitly held at present by Great Britain and Russia in Persia will become as effective as the existing occupation of Manchuria by Russia and Japan. It is clear, therefore, that the rivalries and jealousies of Europe have repeated themselves in the Middle East, a circumstance which would seem altogether to preclude the possibility of any revival of Mussulman power in this region.

MOTORING

THE Automobile Association and Motor Union has been making a close investigation of the various private Bills introduced into Parliament for the present session, and has ascertained that there are quite a number the promoters of which are seeking powers which, if granted, would be prejudicial to the interests of private motorists. There are Bills in which local bodies in various parts of the country seek to impose extra charges for water used in washing private cars; others applying for powers to erect tramcars and rail-less trolley vehicles on roads where, in the opinion of the Association, they are not required, and where they would cause obstruction to motorists; and one in which the Bradford Corporation seeks sanction to levy fees on heavy motor vehicles used in the city. All these the Association intends vigorously to oppose, in the interests of the private motorist.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer will soon be submitting the Budget to the House of Commons, and, the *Motor* says, a further meeting of the R.A.C. Taxation Conference will be held next week to consider the arguments on the question of the taxation of second-hand cars and the recommendations which will be made for the third time to the Chancellor on the subject. The conference is composed of representatives of manufacturers and users, namely, the R.A.C., the A.A. and M.U., the Commercial Motor Users' Association, the Institution of Automobile Engineers, and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. So far back as 1911 this question of a rebate on old and second-hand cars was discussed by the R.A.C. Conference, but, as is generally known, the position remains in *statu quo*.

The leading motoring organisations—more especially the R.A.C.—have been bitterly attacked for not having already succeeded in obtaining a rebate in the taxation, but, after all, the Club seems to have done all it can in the matter. It has made repeated representations to the Chancellor on the subject, and it is difficult to see what more it can do. Moreover, one can hardly expect its committee to show much enthusiasm over the agitation, as the great majority of its members do not belong to the second-hand car class. On the other hand, a very large proportion of the 60,000 or 70,000 members of the A.A. and M.U. are doubtless users of second-hand motor vehicles, and one might with more reason look to this organisation to take the initiative. Why the "Society" should be expected to concern itself much with the interests of either the users of, or the dealers in, second-

hand cars is not obvious. It is composed almost entirely of manufacturers whose sole concern it is to make and sell new cars, and to get the old ones relegated to the scrap-heap as soon as possible. The only classes which would benefit by a rebate are the users of old cars and those in the second-hand trade, and their benefit would necessarily be at the expense of the manufacturers. So far as the former are concerned, they naturally feel a grievance at having to pay as much tax on their old cars as do owners of new cars of twice the actual horsepower; but the dealers have had a very good time, indeed, in the past, at the expense of the unsophisticated buyer, and they can very well be left to look after themselves.

At the Scottish Motor Show, which was opened at Edinburgh yesterday, Napier's are represented by three exceptionally fine three-quarter landaulettes, two on the 15-h.p. four-cylinder chassis and the third on the 30-h.p. six-cylinder. All the bodywork is by the Cunard Motor and Carriage Company, Ltd., and many novel refinements and distinctive features are embodied both in the interior and the exterior of the cars. The 15-h.p. chassis has, in addition to the usual established Napier features, a new four-speed gear-box, with direct drive on top, and the 30-h.p. among other new departures and improvements, has an entirely original and extremely simple clutch, consisting of a steel disc between two surfaces of heat-resisting and indestructible material, which requires no lubrication and is said to give a wonderfully smooth engagement. The three cars are being shown on the stands of Rossleigh, Ltd., and Messrs. Thomas Shaw, Ltd., the Napier agents in Edinburgh and Dundee respectively.

Messrs. Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., inform us that inquirers for Vauxhall cars are being told in some trade quarters that deliveries are not to be had before 1914. This, they say, is incorrect. It is true that a large part of the potential output for this year has been taken up by agents, but it does not follow that the latter have in every case sold or promised the cars they have contracted for. There should be no difficulty in obtaining early delivery from the authorised agents in the various provincial centres, or from the company's Great Portland Street showrooms, for which a certain portion of the output is always reserved.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

STILL the City remains cautious. It will not encourage any speculation. It is willing to advise investors who have cash with which to pay for shares what to buy, but beyond that it will not go. Banks and great financial houses are compelled to continue to negotiate loans and, indeed, bring them out. But they do so without any enthusiasm. They know that the

public will not subscribe. It does not. The new issues are most of them complete failures. The Aqua Santa Coffee Plantations appeared to me highly speculative—no past profits, only estimates. The Tyler Industries was another very speculative offer. The City of Baku Loan was moderately good. But we must not forget that the prosperity of Baku depends upon oil, and that the oil-fields must die out someday. They will not last for ever. Therefore Baku appears to me to be borrowing too much. Canada Southern was of course a first-class railway bond and went well. The Moline Plow issued by Flemings was an attractive industrial of good class. The company is old established and makes large profits.

The event of the week was the Marconi letter offering to give up the Post Office contract. It has been clear for a long time past that the contract was bad, and that even for the Marconi was dangerously illegal. The company could not face an inquiry by experts. The present service is not reliable. It is stated that the best the company can do is about one thousand words in five hours, and the statement that the company only makes a penny a word profit has never been denied. The transmission of messages by wireless is only in its infancy. No one knows which system is the best. There are at least a dozen all claiming special advantages. Marconi was the first in the field, and has been cleverly advertised. But none of the cable companies consider it a serious competitor. Indeed, according to many the Marconi people are good customers of the cable companies, and use their lines in conjunction with their own service. The profits made by the company would seem to an outsider mainly dependent upon the ship installations and stock jobbing.

Another disagreeable incident of the week has been the collapse of the Alberta Land Co. The shares were 50s. last June, and are now almost unsaleable round par. Puffs have appeared in many papers, and the damage to the dam has been declared of small account. Now the board admits that £500,000 must be spent: the company only has £114,000 left, so reconstruction appears inevitable. Holders should sell to-day and cut their loss, for the land will cost £6 an acre when all works are finished, and it is not worth this.

Yet a third surprise has been sprung upon us. The Mexico North Western, which runs through the most disturbed portion of Mexico, finds its money at an end and must issue Prior Loan Bonds or default. This is bad news for the present bondholders, and their securities appear to me over-valued to-day. Another instance of the danger of buying a puffed stock. The Taman Consolidated will ask the public for money shortly. The board is good, but the promotion profits appear to me too high. The National Gramophone will also ask for money. This is a pure gamble; it should have been kept as a private syndicate until it could show certified profits over an extended period.

MONEY grows no cheaper. Large sums are going out to South America, and India appears to be hoarding. No one on the Continent will part with gold. We now hear that Switzerland intends increasing her stock of gold. Frankly this insistent demand for gold all over the world is most disquieting. The diplomatists declare that peace is assured. The great bankers say that they will make no war loans. Yet Austria and Russia refuse to demobilise, and France, Germany, and Russia are each doing all they can to secure their gold supplies. Cheap money, therefore, appears most unlikely.

FOREIGNERS.—London is beset by agents, secret or otherwise, of the Continental Powers who desire loans. Poor China seems in sad plight. She now asserts that the six Powers still hold the two and a half millions of the last Railway Loan on the excuse that they lent the money to the Empire and not to the Republic, and they go on paying the interest, but the railway has not been begun.

This is a scandal. Crisp has made terms with the group. He will not bring out the second portion of the loan, and has capitulated. But China refuses to put herself in pawn to Europe, and no one blames her. The Italian Loan arranged with the big Paris banks does not come out, but the necessary funds are found in Treasury notes. I wonder why the big banks don't try and detach Italy from the Triple Alliance. They could easily do this if they refused to finance her.

HOME RAILS.—The Great Eastern report showed big increases in wages and coal. The Insurance Bill will cost this company £20,000 a year. The document was not reassuring. The Metropolitan and District dividends were liked. But the railway market has been dull, for the dealers see that their dividends will not be as good as they had expected. The increase in passenger fares means very little, as we can see in the Great Eastern figures.

YANKEES.—The American market remains upset. It pretends to be terrified at the political position. Actually it is money, money alone that keeps Yankees cheap. The big bankers are committed to Germany and they have not the means to finance a "bull" campaign. The copper market has also fallen a victim to dear money, and the great selling agencies were compelled to unload at a reduced price. This made everything weak. Trade in the United States has not responded to the boom in business all over the world, and though railways have done much better, the "bears" declare that the net profits will not show up well, as taxes and all other charges will be much higher. I must say I do not agree, but I can see that the European situation is seriously in the way.

RUBBER.—The Pegoh and Escot reports are encouraging. But the public will not buy rubber shares at their present level. It very properly insists upon a clear ten per cent. It can hardly ask for less considering the serious risks to be taken. Now very few of the so-called cheap shares show this return, and the price of raw rubber holds up well considering that the production from the Malay is increasing. Mr. Brice sends me his January Handbook, published by Straker's at 2s. 6d. It is a most useful compendium of rubber figures, and as Mr. Brice is one of the leading dealers in shares, the book is practical. It really contains almost everything that is necessary to form an opinion, except of course the question of climate, soil and management. As a statistical book I can find nothing so good—or so reliable.

OIL.—The oil market is dull. The various companies that propose to supply petrol to motorists on cheaper terms that either Shell or Standard do not seem to go. They hang fire most definitely, and I am not surprised. They cannot hope to compete and they have been established either to get rid of properties that do not pay or give a market for refineries that have been purchased too dearly. Shell must be making huge profits to-day. The British Burmah report is quite as bad as the first report and the loss is almost as great. When we remember the huge capital upon which the prospectus promised a profit of £500,000 a year and find that in two years the loss has been, probably, £200,000, or even more if depreciation had been attended to, one is disgusted.

MINES.—I strongly advise all holders of Globe and Phoenix shares to support the agitation for a new Board. It is quite likely to succeed and can only result in good. They should sign the request sent by Mr. Porter and return it to him—otherwise the Board might win. This would be bad. The mining market is dull and without interest. Block 10 report was unexciting and, indeed, hardly reassuring. There is some talk of a move being made in diamonds, but on the whole I see no future in any mining share. Tin shares moved up, but the rise did not hold.

MISCELLANEOUS shares have been good. Marconi's rose on the letter. The "bears" got afraid and bought

back. The Billett Campbell group, who act for the shop, bought boldly and the price rose. Personally, I think that the letter and the evidence of the Commission lower the value of Marconi's to about 20s.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Smedley's scepticism regarding Shakespeare makes him reject such an important piece of contemporary evidence as that of Francis Meres, who in 1598 commended Shakespeare upon the excellence of his tragedies and comedies in English as compared with those of Seneca and Plautus in Latin. Mr. Smedley says "Shakespeare never claimed the works as his own." He thinks the Elizabethan age, which was not an age of literary biography, at least, concerning playwrights, ought to have supplied abundant notices of Shakespeare. The plays were the property of the theatre, and Shakespeare as co-proprietor published several of them in quarto with his name on the title-page. After his death, the "possessors," his co-partners, claimed them as Shakespeare's by publishing them in folio in 1623 with his name on the title-page. Mr. Smedley also rejects the corroborative evidence of the Folio. Is it because it connects Shakespeare the author with Shakespeare of Stratford? Bacon could not have published the plays because no care is shown in the matter. The folio does not even contain the complete works of the author, and the text is sometimes corrupt and very faulty. Bacon could not have published the plays under a *nom de plume*, because the editors regretted that the author did not live to "oversee" his own works before they were committed to the press. Bacon could not have published the plays because he would not have had prefatory verses written in praise of the author and to say that his works would outlive his Stratford monument. The theatrical side of this question seems to me to be overlooked. Shakespeare's fame is mainly due to the representation of his dramas on the stage, and it is their success that has spread the fame of Shakespeare. If they were philosophical treatises, as Baconians look upon them to be, they would not have been known outside the study. This is apparently the difference between the Shakespearean and the Baconian view. It is highly significant that from the year 1592, when Shakespeare was able to bombast out blank verse as well as Marlowe, down through the centuries, to the year 1856, no one ever thought, or attempted to prove that Bacon was Shakespeare.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

TOM JONES.

London, E.C.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I dissent entirely from the opinion expressed by Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence in your issue of December 14, that the words of Florio: "a gentleman . . . that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so," must of necessity refer to Bacon and not to Shakespeare. To me, indeed, they seem to agree sufficiently with Ben Jonson's eulogy of the poet: "I held the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry," to warrant the conclusion that Florio, who is known to have been a protégé of the Earl of Southampton, and who was personally acquainted with some of the leading writers of the day, including Shakespeare, was here alluding to the poet, and to no one else. It is most unlikely that Florio would have taken upon himself to speak of Bacon familiarly as his "friend."

With the object of refuting the wild and irreverent charge that our immortal poet was a "drunken, illiterate clown," who, from the fact that he sometimes figured in playbills as an actor, could never have acquired sufficient culture to produce the plays and poems universally attributed to him, I feel that I cannot do better than quote the remarks of one who, though not occupying the position of a critic of the first rank, is yet conceded to have been a high authority on literary and scientific topics, and a man whose outlook on the world was generally broad, discerning, and unprejudiced. What he observes, though written just sixty years ago, might in truth be addressed to the present day upholders of the Baconian theory:—

"The greatest of English poets, it is often said, is but a name. No letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, no character of him drawn with any fulness by a contemporary, has been extracted by antiquaries from the piles of rubbish which they have sifted. Yet of no person is there a clearer picture in the popular fancy. You seem to have known Shakespeare—to have seen Shakespeare—to have been friends with Shakespeare. We would attempt a slight delineation of the popular idea which has been formed not from loose tradition or remote research, not from what someone says, someone else said that the poet said, but from data which are at least undoubted, from the sure testimony of his certain works.

"Some extreme sceptics, we know, doubt whether it is possible to deduce anything as to an author's character from his works. . . . The difficulty is a defect of the critics. A person who knows nothing of an author he has read, will not know much of an author whom he has seen."—Walter Bagehot, "Shakespeare—the Man," in *Literary Essays*, Vol. I.

But the whole essay is well deserving a study, both for its brilliant criticism of the poet's works, and for the comparison it institutes between him and such men as Milton, Pitt, Goethe, Scott, Keats, and Guizot. Incidentally it may be noted, Bagehot saw a closer kinship between the genius of Shakespeare and that of Scott, than between him and any of the other celebrities here particularised.

And what about Molière? Have the Baconians utterly forgotten him? Yet his case is pretty much on all fours with that of Shakespeare; for the advantages he enjoyed at the Jesuit College at Clermont were surely not greater than those the late Prof. Baynes has shown were open to Shakespeare at the Grammar School of Stratford. But what Frenchman in his senses was ever heard to question the ability of Molière to produce any of the plays that go by his name?—I am, Sir, etc.

San Francisco, Dec. 31, 1912.

N. W. H.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. H. G. Rawlinson, in your issue of the 11th instant, taunts Baconians with not having read the "Advancement of Learning," Book II, Chapter IV, in which he states they would find a refutation of their theory. Here, says our correspondent, Bacon gives his views on Poetry. Mr. Rawlinson commences with an inaccuracy. Bacon does not refer to Poetry in Chapter XIV. He does in Chapter XIII. It would probably not be possible more to distort, than does Mr. Rawlinson in his letter, what Bacon says there about Poesy. Bacon *does* consider emotional Poetry. He does *not* say that the chief function of the Drama is to show us a world where the wicked are always punished and the good always rewarded. He does *not* consider the only function of Poetry to be purely utilitarian. Nearly every one of the emphatic statements made by Mr. Rawlinson is the reverse of the truth. On a matter of opinion he is equally inaccurate, for no two writers who have described the passion of love have so closely coincided in their views as have Bacon and Shakespeare.

What does Bacon say about Poesy? These are his words: "Poesy is a kind of learning in words restrained; in matters loose and licenc'd; so that it is referred to the imagination which useth to devise, and contrive, unequal and unlawfull Matches and divorces of things." In other words, what are termed "the unities" may be ignored by the poet.

He proceeds to draw a distinction between mere verse and poesy: "A true narration may be composed in verse and a feigned in prose." The verse may not be poetry; the prose may be.

He divides Poetry into three classes:—Narrative or Representative, which is a mere imitation of History feigned or otherwise—Dramatical or Representative—Paraboli- cal or Allusive. Thus he describes the three classes:—

"As for Narrative Poesy, or, if you please, Heroical (so you understand it of the matter, not of the verse), it seems to be raised altogether from a noble foundation; which makes much for the dignity of man's nature. For seeing this sensible world is in dignity inferior to the soul of man, Poesy seems to endow Human Nature with that which History denies; and to give satisfaction to the mind with, at least, the shadow of things, where the substance cannot be had. For if the matter be thoroughly considered, a strong argument may be drawn from Poesy, that a more stately greatness of things; a more perfect order; and a more beautiful variety delights the soul of man than any way can be found in Nature since the Fall."

"Poesy cheereth and refreshes the soul, chanting things rare and various, and full of vicissitudes. So as Poesy serveth and conferreth to Delectation, Magnanimity, and Morality, and therefore it may seem deservedly to have some participation of Divinesse; because it doth raise the mind, and exalt the spirit with high raptures, by proportioning the shewes of things to the desires of the mind; and not submitting the mind to things, as Reason and History do. And by these allurements, and congruities, whereby it cherisheth the soul of man; joined also with consort of Music, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate itself, it hath won such success, that it hath been in estimation even in rude times, and barbarous nations, when other learning stood excluded."

"Dramatical or Representative Poesy which brings the world upon the stage is of excellent use if it be not abused" . . . "For although in modern commonwealths, Stage plays be but esteemed a sport or pastime, unless it draw from the Satyr, and be mordant; yet the care of the Ancients was, that it should instruct the minds of men unto virtue. Nay, wise men and great philosophers have accounted it, as the Archet or musical bow of the mind. And certainly it is most true and as it were, a secret of nature, that the minds of men are more patent to affections and impressions congregate than solitary."

"But Poesy, Allusive or Paraboli- cal, excels all the rest and seemeth to be a sacred and venerable thing; especially seeing religion itself hath allowed it in a work of that nature, and by it trafiques Divine commodities with men." . . . "And it is of ambiguous use, and applied to contrary ends. For it serves for Obscuration, and it serveth also for illustration: in this it seems there was sought a way how to teach; in that an Art how to conceal." . . . "Poesy being a plant coming, as it were, from the lust of a rank soil, without any certain seed, it hath sprung up and spread abroad above all other kind of learning."

Here is a passage from Book VII, chapter III, referring to the perturbations of the mind—the affections and passions:—

"But to speak the truth, the best Doctors of this knowledge are the Poets, and writers of Histories, where we find painted and dissected to the life, how affections are to be stirred up and kindled; how still'd and laid asleep; how again contained and refrained that they break not forth into act? likewise how they disclose themselves though repressed and secreted? what operations they pro-

duce? what turns they take? how they are enwrapt one within another? how they fight and encounter one with another? and other the like particularities. Amongst the which, this last is of special use in moral and civil matters, How I say, to set affection against affection, and by the help of one to master and reclaim another."

I ask Mr. Rawlinson or any other of your readers to name another writer whose definition of poetry has been so thoroughly realised by examples as is Bacon's by the Shakespeare poems and dramas. Might they not have been written to Bacon's order?

In Book VII of the "De Augmentis" Bacon emphasises the importance of the knowledge of the internal working of the mind and of the disposition and character of men, and his words at once suggest the drama to the reader, as the only vehicle by which this could be accomplished. In his "Distributio Operis" Bacon still more explicitly describes works which he had prepared, setting forth examples of inquiry and invention (*tabule inveniendi*). He becomes more emphatic: "I do not speak of these precepts and rules by way of illustration (for of these I have given plenty in the second part of the work); but I mean actual types and models by which the entire process of the mind and the whole fabric and order of invention from the beginning to the end on certain subjects, and these various and remarkable, should be set as it were before the eyes." Are not these conditions absolutely fulfilled in the Shakespeare plays?

But Bacon adds: "To examples of this kind being in fact, nothing more than an application of the second part in detail at large—the fourth part of the work is devoted." Now, the fourth part of Bacon's "Great Instauration" is missing, but the Shakespeare plays accurately fulfil all the requirements he describes of its contents.

I dare not ask for space to substantiate my statements that in their description of the passion of love Bacon and Shakespeare agree in every particular. But this I will say, if Mr. Rawlinson or anyone else will from the works bearing either name quote any passage descriptive of it, I will undertake to quote from those bearing the other a parallel description.—Yours truly,

W. T. SMEDLEY.

11, Hart Street, W.C.
January 15, 1913.

BACON IS NOT SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I am amazed at the effrontery of Sir Edward Durning-Lawrence's letter in your current issue on this important subject. I may say I have some right to be amazed, inasmuch as my extraordinary and quite unique library enables me, without the least fear of contradiction,

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categorically to refute his (supposed) facts, and to deny the conclusions he attempts to draw from them. I feel it is time I stated this publicly.—Yours,
Weissnichtwo. JOHN TITFOORTART.

A DESPATCH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN BASKISH.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In THE ACADEMY of November 9, 1912, you published an interesting contribution to English Bascollogical studies which had been presented to me by my friend Mr. William Greatheed, a reader in the British Museum, and a grandson of Samuel Greatheed, whose biography appeared in *Notes and Queries* of January 27, 1912, and whose transcript of the Baskish version of Genesis and Exodus, by Pierre d'Urte, helped Mr. Llewelyn Thomas in his edition of that work, printed in 1894, at the Clarendon Press. He has kindly added the following note:—On p. 290 of "Volume the Seventh" of "The Despatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington. . . . compiled. . . . by Colonel Gurwood" (London: 1845), one reads this: "Proclamation No. 11. Aux Habitans de Bidarry (sic) et Baygorry. Baigorritar eta Bidarraitarren eguiteco moldeac penaric handiena eguin darot. Bertce herritacoac ez beçala comportatcen dira, çucen ez dutelatic horla eguitecotz. Bijoaz frances armadara! Ez dut permetituco içan ditecen gaur guerlari, eta bihar jende baquezco. Gueldiric badaudez bere etchetan, nihorc ez ditu bilhatuco ez penatuco: aitzitic lagunduac içanen dira bertce herrietacoac beçala. Jaiquin beçate complitu ditudala herriari aguindu diotçadan guciac: ordean niri guerla nahi badautet eguin, eguin bitez soldadu, har betçate armac, eta utz bere etcheac! Cartier Généralean, 28 Urthehas-tearen, 1814. Wellington."

This seems to be the proclamation to which Mr. Julien Vinson alludes on p. 253 of his "Bibliographie Basque" (Paris. 1891). I append a translation in English, as the French version which Gurwood supplied is too little literal, and one can always express the sense of Baskish phrases more easily in English than in French. "The conduct of the people of Baigorri and Bidarra has given me the greatest pain. They are not behaving as the people of other towns, while they have no justification for acting thus. Let them go to the French army! I shall not permit that they be men of war to-day and to-morrow peaceful people. If they stay quietly in their houses, no one will seek or trouble them; rather they shall be assisted, like those of the other towns. Let them know that I have accomplished all the things which I had promised to the district. However, if they wish to make war upon me, let them become soldiers, let them take arms, and leave their houses! At Headquarters, 28th of January, 1814. Wellington."

Prince L. L. Bonaparte, who was born at Thorngrove, Worcestershire, on the 4th of January, 1813, and who did so much to promote the renaissance of Heuskara, sent me a leaflet in which he recorded the self-evident etymon of Baigorri as meaning "red stream." During rain the earth of its banks makes that river red indeed. It is possible that Bidarra may mean "fish-road," as it stands upon the banks of the snow-fed Nive at a point where its rocky gully makes it almost impossible for a boat to pass. These two villages are served by stations upon the railway which runs to St. Jean Pied-de-Port in connection with Bayonne, through most picturesque scenery, in territory which for about three centuries of the mediæval period belonged to the English Crown. One used to meet at Cambo-sur-Nive an old Bask named Hardoy (stone quarry) who much resembled Sir Arthur Wellesley, and was reputed to be his son. An interesting account of the "Basque Girls" of his time is to be read on pages 184—186 of "A Picture of Madrid: Taken on the Spot. By Christian Augustus Fischer. Translated from the German" (London: 1808), where *Corta* is a misprint for *Corte*=Court, or *Cortera*=to Court.—I remain, Sir, yours truly,
EDWARD S. DODGSON.

The Union Society, Oxford, January 14, 1913.

ROSSETTI'S TOMB.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., has written to your esteemed journal stating that my recent letter drawing attention to the condition of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's tomb in Birchington churchyard, "at the same time solves a mystery," inasmuch as the great artist's brother, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, to whom Mr. Solomon had occasion to write some time ago, "denied all responsibility for the ugly railing which, he was told, had been erected, and which for years past has given pain to those who do not visit the grave on an occasional Bank Holiday," but who, like Mr. Solomon, "reside in the neighbourhood." To this I may be permitted to reply that the railing which surrounds Rossetti's grave may be "ugly," but ever since it has been placed there (and it was I who suggested it), the railing has at least protected the mound from being completely trodden away, as was previously the case, so that of the two evils (if evils they be), I think the "ugly" railing is decidedly the lesser.

By the way, Mr. Solomon speaks of Lord Madox Brown's "marble" monument to Rossetti in Birchington churchyard. If he can spare time to visit the tomb again he will perceive that it is not of marble, but of stone.—Yours very faithfully,
ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead, N.W.

January 14, 1913.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—If Mr. Solomon J. Solomon will consent to act as our leader in this matter I will undertake to obtain sufficient signatures from members of the East Kent Art Society, and others, for a petition to be presented to the constituted authorities.—Yours faithfully,
Saint Nicholas at Wade, Thanet. BERNHARD SMITH.

MARY PILLENGER: A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—May we point out that, in your kindly review of our patriotic story "Mary Pillenger," by "Brenda," you have referred to the price as 7s. net, whereas the book is published at 1s. net? We shall be very glad if you will make this correction.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
G. P. PUTNAN'S SONS.

24, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.

January 17th, 1913.

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